

Suspended for the present

THE READER

A REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 211, Vol. VIII.

Saturday, January 12, 1867.

PRICE
THREEPENCE,
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THE SUICIDE.—III.
CURRENT LITERATURE:—
The American Crisis.
Tom Arnold's Manual.
Cacography.
Quarles's Divine and Moral
Emblems.
New Dictionaries:—
Johnston's Abridged Ja-
mieson.
Latham's Johnson.
RUSSIAN LITERATURE.—IV.
Sumarokoff.

SCIENCE:—
The Key of the Universe.
Societies.
CORRESPONDENCE:—
The Electric Telegraph.—
Amicus.
ART:—
Sala's Hogarth.
Art Journal.
MISCELLANEA:—
Covent Garden Theatre.

ANTHROPOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

The Society will meet on Tuesday, 15th January, at eight o'clock precisely, when the following Papers will be read:—"On Mute Societies of Men," by the Rev. Dunbar I. Heath, M.A. Resumed discussion "On Comparative Geology in relation to the Antiquity of Man," by C. S. Blake, Esq.
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GEOLOGY.—King's College, London.—

PROFESSOR TENNANT, F.G.S., will commence a Course of Lectures on Geology on Friday, January 25, at 9 a.m. They will be continued on each succeeding Wednesday and Friday at the same hour. A shorter course will be given on Wednesday evenings, from 8 to 9. First Lecture, January 30. Text-book: Lyell's Elements of Geology.

R. W. JELF, D.D., Principal.

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cipal Corporations, Chambers of Commerce, Guilds, &c., which have not yet sent in their demands for space for Decorative Blinds, are requested to do so immediately, to the Assistant Secretary, Paris Exhibition, South Kensington Museum, London, W.

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12 JANUARY, 1867.

The Quarterly Review.

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1867.

THE SUICIDE.

A RELIGIOUS ROMANCE.

III.

I HAD one elder brother, and my step-mother had one son. My father's estate was in his own power. I need not state her object. Christian as she was to the core, she looked upon her child as the true olive which was to be grafted in the place of the old. As our family lived under a curse in her child it was at last to be blessed. She was the first pious person who had come under our ancestral roof for centuries, and the inheritance ought to be hers. I don't think she came amongst us with these plans. In fact she used to ridicule the family pride. Afterwards this contempt stood in her way. There was no family with whom we were exactly on equal terms for twenty miles round. She had been used, if not to admiration, at all events to society, and was in fact made for it. All of a sudden her marriage reduced her to solitude. My father was a great person for plans. He thought his own father, who had failed according to the family destiny, had done so for want of them. He was resolved this should not be the case with him. A second wife had not entered into them. She and her son were apart. It was natural his wife should resent this. She sought consolation in the daily perusal of the Scriptures. She learnt a good deal there, much that was very odd. The Gospels attracted her, because they taught that the true heir did not always succeed. Nor did the man who kept the best accounts, witness the unjust steward. Thus she chuckled to think that plans were doomed, and that it was better to be the prodigal than the eldest son. She was very anxious to make me Christian enough to trip up my brother, but she thought the wages would be given to the one who came in at the eleventh hour. These remarkable applications of the Saviour's stories generally peeped out at luncheon, but they were genuine for all that.

My eldest brother had no religion. He was considered above it. Mrs. D— never dared mention such a thing to him. Years afterwards, when I attended him in his illness, I never heard him drop one word which pointed to it. He knew God hated him as well as the rest of us, and that was enough. If Mrs. D— had been sufficiently courageous she would have pointed him out as an awful instance of hell militant here upon earth. But there was something in the relations between him and my father which checked her. Besides my brother saw what Christianity was by the example she presented, and my father and he looked significantly at each other. However she persevered, but that is coming.

I said I did not believe that what is called a curse can really hang over any family. But I think God has taken a dislike to mine. We have been too honest and logical in our conclusions. We have acted too much up to our principles. To do so, certainly does appear offensive to our Maker. Perhaps he dislikes the idea of man endeavouring to reduce what is after all a moral chaos to any definite system. Perhaps he feels if every one were to do so his occupation would be gone. It has always been his glory to conceal the truth, and to laugh at man who fancies he was made to find it out. The ancients sketched out this idea in the tales of the Pelopidae, and of Sisyphus. Man approaching to self-government was odious to Jove. He led him on, and then tumbled him into an abyss. It is remarkable that whilst the Greeks, true to facts, were endeavouring to account for the misfortunes of the good by the only logical conclusion—the vindictiveness or caprice of God—the Hebrews, in order to support the theory of Jehovah as their God, and therefore perfect, were distorting the facts in a way paralleled only by the bulletins of the first Napoleon. They asserted that temporal compensation had been rigidly carried out in their theocracy. If no fault either in the man or his fathers could be found, they made one. The ups and downs

of the chosen nation were so numerous that the prophets and chroniclers could select what they liked to adorn any moral, and point any tale. The captivity, of course, put an end both to facts and fiction. A little jubilation on the return, and the reign of the true Jehovah was played out. It is manifest the head of the Jewish nation had given up all idea and all wish for a Messiah at the coming of our Saviour. There was nothing they dreaded so much. They lived upon the Temple. The mob wanted a King of their own, and it was from them He sprung.

It appears to me in the great quarrel between man and God to matter little, that is for such as myself, whether the Bible be inspired or not. There are but two ways of constructing an idea of a Personal God whether there be one or not. One is by deducing the idea of a Maker from his works, the other by studying the Book, which whether it originated by chance or design, he permits to be fathered upon him by your race. The Mahomedans have a profound contempt for some Oriental tribe which has no Book; they consider it, not so illogically, as a sign that God has forgotten them. The philosopher who admits the tacit sanction which all Scriptures have, is not concerned with their truth. I see no reason why we should believe God. If Jove laughs at lovers' vows, they surely might retort upon his promises. Poets have disguised this by giving the lie to Nature—"auch Ich war in Arkadien geboren"—but is this fair? "Nay let God be true, and all men liars." Granted, but poor dumb Nature can be no liar. Her oath is given to the brain which lacks the stomach; her oath is given to the stomach which lacks food. She swears to the purpose which can never be accomplished; to the spirit which is too weak for the burden, to the aching heart which never finds its love. Paul would never have put the solemn question had he not doubted. He answered, but it was with a cry stifling his reason. He answered, but it was eighteen hundred years ago before the last of man's illusions, Christianity, had run its course of more than god-like failure. Well then, if Nature cannot lie, shall we trust her? She swears by all the laws which man can formulate; she swore to the Chaldean by Arcturus, by the sweet influences of the Pleiades, and the eclipses of the Moon; she swore to the Greek by circle, and the square; she swore to the Roman by law, order, and rule. Yet all these were but the leaden images which man himself had made for worship. We have forced her to swear by sacred mysteries which she cannot violate. She swears to us by her laws which govern the visible and invisible Universe alike. She swears by the all-pervading space which is her throne, and all matter which is her footstool; she swears by that which annihilates the one, and animates the other. She swears by the great miracle of Force, its energy and persistence: and if there be any other law which man can ever interpret, she swears that she will swear by that to produce nothing but the fitting and the true. And she struggles to keep her troth. This is what makes bird and beast and man, and everything which has life akin. This is the true Divinity which stirs within us. Who is it that stands behind the throne, and snatches away the banquet from the lips of every guest? Who is this great Physician of our souls, whose dread wand mocks us in our momentary honour? Ah! who is it that has come long ago, like some Thief of the night through the primeval darkness, and found all these spheres unhung, this wonderful mechanism out of gear? Who was this Dædalus, so cunning as to worry out the trick of their motion, and call the day day, and the night night? Who clothed the glimmering corpse of Nature with so much of her old splendour, that in the dawn she was sometimes thought to speak? Who so cunningly trimmed her on her pedestal, as to show her now like Siva to the abject Hindoo, now like the many-breasted mother to the light Ionian? Who has grinned and gibbered through her dead eye-sockets upon all the winking tribes of

Africa? Who stripped her of all her garments, like Venus for the Greeks, and crowned her with towers and fortune for Rome? Who crucified her in shame for slaves and malefactors? Who crushed her in wicker-work as Moloch, and revelled in the blood of infants and the fat of captives? Who made her look meek and mild in blue and red, a Virgin and a Mother? Who rejoices to vex the men of Science, and make heavy the chariot-wheels of truth, by turning upon them the weak and effeminate features of Christ? Ah! it is God, our God. It is he who has clambered up through the silent ways, and sits where none has ever ascended. It is He whose voice rings through the hollow arch of the heaven of heavens, deceiving. He who mutters double meanings through those majestic lips, like the oracles of old. Surely it was of God the poet said

He may have spoken with his mouth, but did he speak his mind?

I look upon my father as the legitimate result of Old Testament morality; upon my step-mother as that of the New. In neither case was the growth injured by the introduction of extraneous matter. I am a great believer in instinct. Persons like these are the best exponents of what doctrines or faith really mean. They go to the originals. They incorporate maxims which, if meant at all, were meant for daily life into the practice of modern society. In this way we see their real working, and the value of the boast that God's words are good for all time, sex, and station. If ever any man was justified in throwing off such allegiance as some would say the most iniquitous Maker might justly claim it is I. I quite sympathize with Louis XIV., when he said, after some great disaster—"Has God forgotten how much I have done for Him?" That monarch is the true type of a Christian prince. Living in a double adultery, surrounded by concubines and illegitimate children, most orthodox in his opinions, sinning, repenting, he always took care to propitiate God in good time by some costly offering. This generally took the form of dragonading batches of heretics, and had the greater merit, because it went rather against his own feelings. He might well ask why the blessing did not follow. Take another, Philip II. How very proper, when his ambition had been satiated or mortified in every possible way to die moralizing on the vanity of life! The great use of kings has been to show what results may come from the most perfect realization of personal dignity. The vice-gerents of God may naturally sometimes differ with Him in private as to what is proper to do. It is not encouraging to find the rulers over many cities as much to seek as those who have not even a talent to bury. My father had quite caught the idea that he had as much business with God as any king. My stepmother rather looked to slipping into heaven with a clique. I saw the play of both our national religions. Can anyone really do so, and remain deceived by either? Why did God set this double-headed Janus of a Hebræo-Christian faith so nakedly before my eyes. Once I thought He had meant me as a prophet to deal some mighty blow against this mongrel idol. But that was when I trusted Him. For He steeped me in all prejudices but showed me a way out of all.

"Prophet of Atheism," I hear the Christians sneer. No wonder the "unhappy man" has come to this! No, my friends, that is not the reason. Think over your book of books. I do not ask you to regard the fate of prophets as there described. It is not the facts it relates, I mean; they must tell their own tale. You sleek and greasy Christians, who profess to think all things have been added unto you because you sought the right thing first, who interposed between you and the letter which kills? Who taught you how to win both worlds? to follow Christ without leaving the receipt of custom? to get in your splendid hauls, and then remember the sleeping partner who sat in the boat? I found so such friend; but then, as you observe, I was a prophet.

There is one thing on which the Bible gives us no information whatever, and that is, the

administration of our money. And yet money is of far more importance than life or death. What is the whole fabric of the Universe ever about but the formation of money? Money is the net product of all energy. The hills of chalk and the mines of coal are the money of the insects of the forest. But all this and more is set down in a thousand books. Only not in the one. Why this alone is sufficient to condemn it. The guide of life silent about what is more than life! And this makes other guides silent also. Think of our Universities without a Professor of Money! He ought to be the solid fare after all the 'ologies of the day. It is Christianity that makes us ashamed of the bread we live by. My father rather saw this, and revelled in it. It left him free. My step-mother had no objection. There was no reason why she should not spend as much as she could get. There was no rule of duty on either side. It allows the Christian to squander and preach up all the moral virtues; the Jew to save, if only he pay his tithe and tax. It was curious to see the struggle. High religious principles apparently governed everything. The lowest possible squabbles were the base-note of every action. Such is the result of building upon the Bible. One thing they both agreed in. Misfortune was the mark of more than a fault; it showed a more than human displeasure. Shun, oh shun the God-stricken man. Alas! they were both shunned enough before their day was done. My father resisted long. Yes, when he was dead, I rejoiced to think that earth possessed one tyrant the less. I was resolved both to see his funeral and enjoy it. I made an excuse, and watched the procession bear him, honoured and respected, to his own place. Then I descended, and listened to the usual hope in which Christianity is so clever. Alas! my father, I rejoiced over your death. I did not see what God had reserved for me. I am the last of my race. Oh! I understand the bitterness of his malice.

Christianity is, in many of its aspects, a very vulgar religion. I do not mean by this that it is adapted to the masses, or the poor. That, on the contrary, is its redeeming feature. But it encourages the domination of low aspirations. It revels in the humiliation of everything which is noble and great. It loves to set up a standard which the lowest intellect can comprehend, and treat the wise as children playing on the sea-shore. It is one thing for the philosopher to say and feel this of himself, and another to have it said by those who feel themselves already judging each a tribe of his own. My step-mother revelled in all that baseness of a narrow mind to which Christianity lends itself like dry fuel. She found in its doctrine a condemnation of everything which stood in her way. She rejoiced in pointing out the finger of God in every accident, and, above all, in every disappointment. On her own child these direct manifestations of Providence did not occur. I am, as I have said, a great believer in instinct. If I wanted any other proof that Christianity was waning I should see it in this, that so many who are passable Christians enough shelter their children, in these days, from all the sharp winds of the faith. They want to shorten the prayers for the young; to temper the words of damnation which they cannot obliterate. They speak of the Gospel as a thing which is to work secretly, to temper, to tinge, to flavour the too great hurry of modern life. He who drinks of the brook by the way has done quite enough to lift up his head.

Public executions are another vulgarity we owe to our religion. The execution of slaves and malefactors took place in the open air, but that was a measure of necessity when they were so numerous. A gentleman was generally allowed his choice of the mode of death. Amongst the Athenians the manner was prescribed by the law; but the poison caused no pain, and life passed under it gradually away. No Christian indignities were inflicted upon the corpse. When Nero was condemned to die *more majorem*, though one of the most learned men of his age, and one who for twenty years had been at the head of the state, he had

to be told what it meant. But it was a mere form. The Senate could not legally give the choice of suicide, and Nero's successor was in Spain. The first instance of anything like the modern practice is to be found in the public execution on a scaffold of the Emperor Maurice, his wife and family. This is one of the numerous cases in which Christianity has degraded the upper classes to the condition of the lower, with loss to both. In these days, when humanity is again asserting its rights, we perceive a change. In America they have advanced so far that prisoners are allowed to drug themselves with brandy all night long till the fatal moment. But why not allow the use of chloroform. That was forbidden by the clergy at first to women in childbirth, as falsifying one of the curses of God. It would save at least some scandalous scenes on the scaffold. The choice of poison will come one day, and what is more it will be offered to those sentenced to perpetual imprisonment, perhaps quietly administered to the irreclaimably vicious. The Popes, who often struggled against the barbarities of their own persuasion, did introduce a better fashion. A Cardinal knew well what was meant when His Holiness ordered his presence at supper. His peculiar dish was served up to him, and his chance of the Papacy was over. Infallibility could dispense with warrants; but at least the fashion was decent. Robespierre did not deny the Girondins their "Last Supper," and they enjoyed it. Well enough to discourse on fate, free-will, and the happiness of peoples, but why not cheat the guillotine? That would have been a lesson never to be forgotten, How to die?

And now the Church, the great Ark of Christendom, reels to and fro, borne on the shoulders of, as it were, drunken men. Sometimes it is allowed for a brief space to repose in the temples of the Philistines, though no idols as of yore fall down before it; sometimes it is thrust out to be drawn by wild asses whithersoever the whim may take them. No awful voice thunders from its mercy-seat; its hollow brass withers no sacrilegious hand. Priests may caper round it in extraordinary vestments, but the ladies of the new Jerusalem who laugh with or at them are neither blessed by barrenness or smitten with expensive prolificacy. There is fear that if it be housed in purple and cased in gold it may share the fate of many a Pagan shrine, and more than one bold veteran feast his Emperor off its mutilated members.

And what then? It is objected to those who assert the approaching downfall of Christianity, What have you got to replace it? This is very unreasonable. Neither Festus or the Athenians put this question to St. Paul. Yet St. Paul had no answer ready. The destruction of society did not seem to him a necessary consequence of the proclamation of the true God where he was ignorantly worshipped.

But we, the "prophets of Atheism," are not dumb. Those who wish to know of our doctrine must believe in it. Dimly we foresee the "colossal man."

Man regulating his numbers, man cutting off his unnecessary members, man finding for what is called vice its allotted post, man in association, man when he has found the chain, the true *religating* tie which shall bind us, but no longer darkly, Man his own Providence—this is what the world must strive for. Then will all worship of a regardless Maker be abolished, and the great and last Truth of Pantheism will be proclaimed—"Man is God, man makes God, or there is no God."

(To be continued.)

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE AMERICAN CRISIS.

The American Crisis; or, Pages from the Note-Book of a State Agent during the Civil War. By John Lewis Peyton. In 2 vols. (Saunders, Otley, & Co.)

MR. PEYTON is, we gather from a brief note, a descendant of the Suffolk Peytons, and

we should have been glad if his photograph had frontispiced his book, in order to see if he bore any outward resemblance to the living Peytons and the marble effigies of their ancestors, which lie in Isleham Church. The striking resemblance between the two latter groups of the race is the more remarkable, because the pedigree is broken by a female descent, yet it is not apparent in one member of the family, but in all, as if the legitimate heirship male had never been interrupted. A similar instance of heredity is well known to exist in the Imperial family of Austria, but there it is limited to one feature, the month. The explanation which applies to the Peytons, viz:—that identity of occupation, surrounding circumstances, early education and associations overcame in the descendants of the long-descended lady the natural tendencies to exhibition of the masculine idiosyncracies of the new line, which stepped into the name and traditions of the old does not apply to the Hapsburgs. Still less could it apply to the Virginian Bachelor of Laws; and if, notwithstanding the differences of climate and continent, Mr. Peyton might be mistaken for a Suffolk Baronet, or a Cambridgeshire Rector, it would be a curious problem for anthropologists. The subject of Mr. Peyton's mission forms no part of what he has to tell us, nor at this date would the business of North Carolina, in 1861, be very interesting. Like many other more distinguished Southerners, General Lee himself, and Vice-President Stephens, the "State Agent" disapproved of Secession from the first. Nor does he ever appear to have expected any success for the South. His book, in the first part of it, gives a very readable epitome, in a somewhat dramatic style, of the various arguments used for and against the Confederates at the time; sketches of the Confederate chiefs, and the most dispassionate account of Jefferson Davis we have met with anywhere; but we can only find room for a very short part of it;—

Mr. Davis always impressed me as a man of abilities, but engaged in an enterprise, the foundation of an empire, far too arduous for any energies he possessed; as a man by no means stamped by nature with power and genius, such as his situation and the great crisis demanded. His whole manner and bearing was that of one almost stunned by what was passing before his astonished vision, and incapable of safely controlling and directing the vessel of state, amidst the winds and waves of the tempest. He did not appear to be guiding his conduct by the sober deductions of cool reason, but to be acting without any of that far-seeing sagacity which conciliates enemies and retains friends.

Perhaps it is too much to say that "his friends had made a mistake in imposing the Presidency upon him, and that he had shown weakness in accepting the position," because no one else was ever suggested instead, and no doubt about his superiority to those about him was ever raised until the failure of the Confederate armies, and the thorough blockade of their ports, for which, at all events, their President was not responsible, had naturally involved all organs of the South in the dust of mutual recrimination.

We do not understand the exact opinions of the author upon slavery, nor should we mention the subject except for this singular reflection:—"Under humane and Christian masters, the slave of the Southern States has been elevated and improved, and the process was continuing up to the period of the war, by which he was being prepared for whatever better destiny Providence may have had in reserve for him." Poor Providence! his forethought is of very little use as a rule. Man will interfere with his designs, even with the best intentions. Is the Moon filled with his unaccomplished destinies, or what becomes of them? Throughout the book there runs a vein of bitterness against the cause in which the author found himself involved. Little snatches of Yankee songs scoffing at the Southerner are treasured up as if, even when heard first in the blaze of triumph they were felt to be only too well deserved. It is, therefore, valuable as a record of the strong Union feeling which

always existed throughout the South, and to which General Lee is reported to have ascribed its failure to achieve independence. Mr. Peyton ran the blockade in the "Nashville," a vessel which had been intended to convey the Commissioners Mason and Slidell to Europe, and which Lord Palmerston, in a conversation with the author, dubbed "a very lucky vessel," but whether as a personal compliment, or because he thought the blockade very strict, does not exactly appear. It was, however, an epithet well bestowed in more ways than one, for it reached England not only safe but victorious. The "Harvey Birch," of New York, by no means shared the sagacity of the famous "Spy" from whom she received her name, and whose adventures compose one of Cooper's best novels. She ran into the trap provided for her, three hundred and fifty miles from Southampton. Almost everybody can recollect the excitement occasioned in this country by her capture and immolation; and it is amusing enough to read in cold blood how one of the Radical papers described the "Nashville," so soon as it reached Southampton waters, as "a hideous blemish upon our nineteenth century civilization;" and continued—"A wild beast, or bird of prey, is an object of dread, but not abhorrence. The 'Nashville' is both; a floating den of brutalized human beings, making destruction the immediate business of their lives—the destruction of unarmed and unoffending ships, carrying on a peaceful traffic upon the common highway of nations." But the bombast of the penny-a-liner derived some excuse from the reports which found general circulation:—

The intelligence of our arrival, with a thousand exaggerated rumours of the facts connected with the destruction of the "Harvey Birch," spread with astonishing rapidity, and the wharves were crowded with an excited and curious crowd. It was reported that the "Nashville" was an 84-gun ship, clad in steel, and armed with "ramming irons" or beaks, front and rear; that she had sunk a whole fleet of Federal vessels on her voyage over, destroying millions of pounds worth of property, and sacrificing tens of thousands of lives. It was asserted that Jeff Davis commanded her in person, having himself come to represent his case to Queen Victoria; and finally, that Lynch law had been proclaimed in New York, the banks robbed, the mayor mobbed, and the city given over to the flames. Before any one could land, the telegraphic wires had been flashing this dubious intelligence to all parts of Europe, and telegrams were coming in to Captain Pegram and others, thick and fast.

The "Nashville" was not quite so formidable as we thought, for it had passed all its time at the Bermuda in hiding from the "James Adger," which gave Mr. Peyton time to play the part of Cicero at Syracuse, and we hope this account of the present dilapidated state of the grave of Sir George Somers, one of England's sea-worthies, will lead to proper measures for its restoration.—

He was buried in the garden of the Government House, where, amidst weeds and rubbish, a mutilated slab, of a coarse description of stone, with the following epitaph, may still be seen, covering the spot where his remains repose:—

In ye yeere 1611,
Noble Sir George Summers went hence to heaven,
Whose well-tried worth that held him still employed,
Gave him ye knowledge of ye world so wide;
Hence 'twas by Heaven's decree, to this place
He brought new guests and name to mutual grace;
At last his soul and body being to part,
He here bequeathed his entrails and his heart.

Mr. Peyton's second volume resembles his first in "motive." He analyses the diplomatic proceedings between the English Cabinet and the Confederate Commissioners, explains the reason of their confidence in speedy recognition, and omits no opportunity of throwing blame upon Mr. Davis and his government, and above all upon his foreign minister, Mr. Robert Toombs, "to whose influence the war may in a great measure be attributed." The arguments by which so many if not a majority of English people at that time endeavoured to prove that it was utterly impossible for the

North to coerce the South are lovingly recorded, and will read many a wordy partizan a useful lesson when he comes to see them here set up as a testimony against him. Then we have a long account of a debate in the House of Commons, which is told well enough; and as much may be said of a *soirée* at Lord Ashburton's. He describes Lord Russell in these very unflattering terms:—

His appearance was not agreeable, nor are his manners and social habits attractive. He was surrounded by a few admiring friends, who had the air of hungry aspirants for food at the state rack and manger, to whom he conversed in a patronising vein. In person he was diminutive, almost insignificant, pale, thin, and wrinkled; with small gray eyes, a troubled face, and dissatisfied expression, stiff and cold in bearing, he did not mingle with the company freely, or as if at his ease. At the time he was near the Hon. Charles Francis Adams, the American Minister, but they did not seem to be in the most amiable mood with each other.

Here the author attained the crowning object of his ambition, an interview with Lord Palmerston. They seem to have got on very well together, for Mr. Peyton evidently liked talking, whilst the Premier could not be expected to say very much. He had some difficulty in keeping our author to the point, but compelled him to admit, even at that moment, that in case of the fall of Richmond the Confederate cause was gone past recovery. In fact Lord Palmerston got out of Mr. Peyton all that he wanted to know, which no one will be surprised to find. It would, however, be unfair to insinuate that there was anything like a diplomatic duel between unequal antagonists, nor was there the slightest justice in the sentence passed at Richmond that North Carolina had sent a "very superficial observer."

The "irritation produced in America by the writings of certain English travellers," gives rise to a very interesting and sensible chapter. Amongst the offenders Mrs. Trollope is conspicuously gibbeted, and Charles Dickens as conspicuously omitted. This strikes us as singular, because when travelling in America ourselves some years ago, the verdict in either case was reversed. Mrs. Trollope, said an American to us when discussing the same subject, told us of our faults, and we have learnt something. Mr. Dickens betrayed the confidence and hospitality with which he was received, and exposed our weaknesses. At one time this feeling was so strong, that it would have been unsafe for "Boz" to have repeated his visit. We should like to know Mr. Peyton's reason for silence on this point. He calls attention to the very different tone in which American subjects were once discussed. We are apt here to suppose that Dr. Johnson's "Taxation no Tyranny" was the natural predecessor of a continuous issue of kindred publications. But such was not the case. Defeat had sobered us. "English authors, immediately after the Revolution, the war of 1776, and the declaration of independence, wrote in a graver, wiser, and far different strain, and were under the inspiration of far more generous feelings. In such books as James Murray's (1778), Dr. Andrew's, who wrote a history of the war in 1785, and William Gordon's 'Rise, Progress, and Establishment of the Independence of the United States of America' (1781), this tone was especially conspicuous." Now again there is a re-action, led by Charles Mackay, author of "Life and Liberty in America," and Mr. Wm. Chambers in his book "Things as they are in America," both of which were published before the late war. Some of the charges brought against his countrymen, Mr. Peyton proceeds to answer himself, and perhaps, as he is not a Yankee but one of the "Southern chivalry," he will gain a more favourable hearing. As a writer himself, if Mr. Peyton does not come up to the classical standard of his own country, his style is tinged by an American grandiosity, which is far from unpleasant, and to England if he errs, it is on the side of compliment. Sometimes we catch echoes of what appear to be meant for perorations on the other side of the Atlantic, and we select three of the

best for the amusement of our readers, and we hope Mr. Peyton will not be angry if he cannot exactly understand at first why they should make them smile.

Thus he speaks of Sir George Ord, the Governor of Bermuda, for example, much in the same way that the English 'squire in Eothen does of a Turkish "country gentleman." "His Excellency seemed to understand thoroughly the character of the contest, the magnitude and importance of the interest involved, the horrors likely to grow out of it as the passions of the people became excited," &c., &c.; and again, of some Southern place-hunter:—"Calling to his aid the Old and the New Testaments, the Pentateuch by Moses, and the Book of Revelation, by St. John the Evangelist." Finally:—"Near the town, at Early Court, lived and died Lord Stowell, one of the most eminent civil and ecclesiastical judges that ever sat upon the English Bench—the *British Justinian*, whose decisions are quoted and relied upon wherever the *common law* is known."

MR. TOM ARNOLD'S MANUAL.

A Manual of English Literature, Historical and Critical, with an Appendix on English Metres. By Thomas Arnold, M.A., of University College, Oxford. Second Edition, Revised and Enlarged. (Longmans.)

WERE we disposed to judge books harshly, or to dismiss a whole volume as worthless for flaws noticed in the first portions we looked at, we should condemn this book at once as a slovenly performance. We turned first to the account of Wordsworth Excursion (p. 438), a work that Mr. Arnold surely has cause to remember, and found a statement that the first part of the work (The Recluse), of which the Excursion was the second part, was completed, while the fact is, that "the First Book of the First Part (Advert. to *Prelude*, p. vii.) still remains only in manuscript;" and as the Second Part, the Excursion, consists of nine books, perhaps the First Part was of nine too. Between a ninth and a whole there is a difference, Mr. Arnold. We next turned to the early portion of the volume, p. 86, and were there met by the assertion that "The earliest known work in English prose" is Sir John Maundeville's *Travels*, about the year 1360, whereas Richard Rolle of Hampole, who died in 1349, wrote prose sermons, if not treatises, that as yet have not been all proved to be translations. We turned back to p. 82, and there found of Gower, that his *Vox Clamantis* had never been printed, though Mr. Coxe, of the Bodleian, edited it for the Roxburghe Club in 1850, seventeen years ago. And reading on to the next page about Occleve, we found a quotation "from an unprinted metrical version of a Latin political treatise" by the poet, which we recognized as an extract from his *Englisching of De Regimine Principum*, edited by Mr. Thomas Wright for the Roxburghe Club in 1860. Further, Mr. Arnold states "his (Occleve's) works were never printed," though in 1796 six of his poems were printed by Mr. George Mason from a manuscript in his possession. Mr. Arnold adds, that Occleve's works "are said to be not worth printing." This is the kind of asinine remark that even otherwise cleverish people half-a-century ago thought it wise to make when they wanted to excuse themselves from the trouble of reading a manuscript. It was made of Hampole, whose vigorous homely writing—vigorous in prose, at least—shows him the worthy forerunner of Latimer, and was the stock phrase to conceal ignorance or carelessness. Let Mr. Arnold work at the MSS. instead of repeating such stuff, and let him not think that Warton is still a safe guide as to what early work has been printed or not. Let him also note that Bishop Grossetête did not, as he says (p. 67), write the *Manuel des Pêchés*, which Robert Manning, of Brunne, translated as the *Handlyng Synne*, but that William of Waddington—most likely in Lincolnshire—wrote it; and the Roxburghe Club printed it in 1862.

We could continue the list of inaccuracies

and point out besides many omissions, were so minded; but we are not. In spite of its blemishes Mr. Arnold's is a well-conceived and well-executed book. Specially is he right in sticking to his two divisions of Historical and Critical; the one is a necessary supplement to the other; each gains by the treatment apart; and with his light sweeping touch Mr. Arnold has hit off well the leading characteristics of each age in sequence of time, each class in affinity of subject. For its size we do not know a more useful guide to the schoolboy or the young student. Mr. Arnold makes you feel that he knows his way through the main streets of the vast city of English Literature, and he gives you a clear conception of the lines he leads you along.

We cannot close our notice of the book without calling attention to a statement in its preface that every lover of ARNOLD will be glad to read—"To any one who may take the trouble to read this edition carefully, it will be evident that the writer holds a somewhat different position, in life and in thought, from that which he held when the book first appeared. To speak plainly, he was then a Roman Catholic, but has since returned to the Communion of the Church of England, in which he was born." No one who knew anything of Thomas Arnold's mind and heart could ever believe that he would make his home for long whither he had strayed, following Newman's stronger will. Whether he can rest where he is, who shall say? Backward again his steps will never be, we trust, but forward into light, or the dark where strong men still can see to work. Let the years bring what they will: we are content that Arnold's son is no longer blind in Rome.

CACOGRAPHY.

Divers Views, Opinions, and Prophecies of Yours truly, Petroleum V. Nasby, Lait Paster uv the Church of the Noo Dispensashun. With Humorous Designs by Thee Jones. Sixth Edition. (Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.) Pp. xvi., 424.

THE science of Cacography is one in which the Americans whip all creation, and they must, therefore, be the best judges of it. "The Biglow Papers," "Artemus Ward," and "Josh. Billings," are familiar examples, but these are by no means the only Professors. We transcribe an excellent criticism of the genus from *The Nation*, entitled "Mr. Nasby's Humors":—

It has been rather the fashion of late to speak contemptuously of the practice among humorists of misspelling words, as if it were not a legitimate weapon in the armory of wit and humor. The argument from authority alone would be conclusive against such a view of the matter, and the names of Smollett and Thackeray, to mention no other masters, would be sufficient. To be sure, most cacography produces merely the not very funny effect of bad spelling—of defect of intelligence, at which we all, being human, are apt to be pleased and laugh; or else it produces the dreary effect of flat failure in an attempt at a feat of imagination. If this should seem something of a large name for a small thing, it should be considered whether the chief use of this device has not always been as a means of delineating character. The bad spelling of Hosea Biglow seems at first not a case in point, but it does bear on the question. If he were to "citify his English," the wit and wisdom which he puts into his pieces would be not much, or none at all, diminished, but him himself, the Yankee farmer, we should not know nearly so well as now. The Yankee dialect Mr. Lowell puts into print, but certainly this was done not for the sake of doing so, but to individualize Hosea, and set him plainly before the reader's eye.

In the same way, an ignorant person's muddle of mind—the thing about him most useful to the humorist—may be, and best can be, represented by a corresponding muddle in his language. So Shakespeare, in days when he himself spelled his own name in several different ways, and when the wit of mere bad spelling could have had no existence, makes

his imbeciles play tricks with language similar to those that Mr. Browne or Mr. Locke credits to "A. Ward" and the "paster of sed church, in charge." "A. Ward" relates that once, when he was travelling across the plains, he fell in with a humorous fellow who repeated to him, thinking him to be a Mr. Browne, a great number of Artemus Ward's stories, and every little while would punch him in the side and say, amid his laughter, "What a d—d fool!" which, barring the profanity, is a fair enough description of the peculiar form of humor with which the great moral showman has delighted many hundreds of thousands of people. It is a form of humor which especially requires and adapts itself to bad spelling. And whenever the humor is in any degree of this kind, misspelling may be wisely used. It is only because the literary workman is so often unable to depict his humorist, that bad spelling, the most obvious of his means, has latterly come into disrepute. The substance being worthless, the form begins to be held in contempt. In the following example, however—examples are not needed, but one like this should not be lost—how much unconscious humor there is in the muddle of thought and in the muddle of language that corresponds with it so well, and without which we should fail to see the writer in all his complacent stupidity and pleasure in his own smartness. Who wants such a note properly spelled? We premise that it is the Boston Impartial Suffrage League which calls down on itself so withering a rebuke:—

SIRS—I have just received your surcoler asking money to assist you. In replye I say get behind me Satin for ye savior not the things of God but man may the Lord have mercy on you.

One word in this letter—"replye"—suggests the remark that there is sometimes some pleasure to be had from observing the labor and ingenuity which an ignorant man will spend in devising a difficult way of doing an easy thing; but we believe that this or any other pleasure to be got from false orthography bears but a very small proportion, indeed, to the pleasure we get from it as assisting to bring the bad speller himself before the mind's eye.

Of the numerous cacographists whom we have had in America, "Q. K. Philander Doesticks, P. B.," ran well for a time, and is even now manufacturing "button bursting, rib-tickling, jaw-expanding, side-aching productions" for a newspaper whose advertisement we quote. In a fatal moment he published a collection of his nonsense, and disregarded friendly admonitions to write no more. Either because his originality departed as he became famous, or because the public was surfeited with his mannerisms, he passed rapidly into obscurity, and appeared next as the *Tribune* reporter of the great sale of Pierce Butler's slaves before Mrs. Kemble's "Diary of a Georgia Plantation" had exposed the horrible antecedents of that memorable occasion. His performance was creditable to his humanity and to his skillfulness as a writer, and produced a very powerful impression at the North. But no one laughed any longer at his "Damphool" and other well-rendered caricatures of society.

"Josh Billings" is a social philosopher rather than satirist, and possesses a degree of shrewdness, and what the phrenologists call "human nature," that not unnaturally have found favor even with the English. His book has been very respectfully treated by them, and we will not venture to predict that they will be disappointed by a second volume.

"A. Ward's" drollery and real humor undoubtedly owe a good deal of their effect to his bad spelling. For ourselves we think it is questionable if he has done any thing better than his description of the Free Lovers at Berlin Heights, though between books and lectures he has since probably made his fortune. His mercenary spirit, as shown by his neutrality during the war, and his subsequent professional catering to the South and present flunkiness in England, make him a less interesting study than his fellow-humorists, while there are many signs of exhaustion of his particular vein. The lectures with which

he is winning success in England are, no doubt, old ones; his letters in *Punch*, which are new, seem very dull affairs. Of the blank stupidity of "Bill Arp" we shall not speak further than to say that he may well be the humorist of a people without a literature.

"Orpheus C. Kerr" first availed himself of the opportunities for satire afforded by the contradictions of slavery, and the hollow pretences of those "conservatives" who wanted a war against a slaveholders' rebellion to be conducted on pro-slavery principles. He did great service by holding up McClellanism to ridicule, and by matching President Lincoln's colonization address with one which looked to the peopling of Nova Zembla with blacks. Nothing more exquisite than this parallel was conceived during the war, and if Mr. Lincoln ever read it, it must have convinced him of the folly of that action which was cruelly expiated at Avache. "Orpheus" knew also how to write pathetically and poetically, and his volume is the most readable and deserves to be the most enduring of all those we have mentioned. Success, unhappily, has ruined him also for the better class of his former readers.

Mr. Nasby's objective point is the Democratic party, which he hits in the hardest possible manner on every possible occasion. He knows it *intus et in cute*, and his very truthfulness is what, nine times out of ten, excites the mirth of the reader. Never was a party, in fact, in so ridiculous an attitude as the Democracy during and since the war, which robbed it of its only remaining "principle"—slavery, and left it the ugly shadow of a great name. Mr. Nasby merely gave it embodiment in a whiskey-bibbing parson, and everybody laughed outright.

It is just to say, however, that the best portions of the book before us (a sixth edition, not including the letters of this year) are not those in which Mr. Nasby's profession is dwelt upon. The travesty of things sacred is always of doubtful taste, and is here made in more than one instance positively offensive. It is seldom so pardonable as in this: "Be viggelent in good works, patient in chasin' enrollin' offisers, and quick in tarrin' and featherin' on 'em;" or in this, "and the pleasant crack uv the whip wuz heerd all over the land;" or this, finally: "Marry the jentle virgin Peese to a soljer drench'd in goar! I, Nasby, forbid the bans!" But what political insight and what pleasant satire in the following, which reads like the inspiration of the American correspondent of a London newspaper:—

WAREAS, When yoo giv a man a hoss, yoo air obleeged to also make him a present uv a silver-platid harnis and a \$350 buggy, so ef we let the nigger live here, we are in dooty bound to let him vote, and to marry him off-hand; and

WAREAS, When this stait uv affares arrives, our kentry will be no fit place for men uv educashen and refinement; etc.

We may quote, also: "Perceshun form so that the hed will rest on the distillery and the tale on the cort-house, representin' the beginnin' and end uv our gellorious party;" "Bibles and Sharp's rifles—two institooshuns Dimokrazy cood never stand afore;" "Wat is sin? Skratshin a ticket"—a sin of which Mr. Nasby says, perhaps, something too much. "Wunst he wuz very near becomin' a infidle. He reely believed at one time that the nigger was human, and wunst he voted for a Republican road supervisor."

Apart from the Democracy, Mr. Nasby's humor is not remarkable, and is sometimes as coarse as it might consistently be. Such touches as these, however, are not infrequent and are certainly comic: "It [the state] hez never appinted any citizen uv the place to any offis wher theft wuz possible, *thus wilfully keepin' capital away from us*;" "weasel couchant, on a field d'egg-shell;" "'Jayneses Almanac,' a work wich I perooz *annually* with grate delite;" "hev alluz wore mournin' around my ize for 3 weeks after each electshun." "No man hez drunk more whiskey than I hev for the party—*none hez dun it moar willingly*;" "I wood accept a small post-orifis, if sitooated within ezy range uv a distilry;" and, as Sabbath-school prizes, "for

committin' 2 verses uv Vallandigum's address, 1 beer check, good at the Corners," etc.

Mr. Nasby, in short, is a judge of liquor. As for his spelling, he is peculiar in his employment of *ch*, as in "toomulchusly," "bucheus (beekun lite)," "capchered," "rychusnis (righteousness!)," "nacher," "feecher," "virchoo," etc., and in the plural *is*, as in "expensis" and "forsis;" while "fizzlekke" and "bewrow" are odd enough. Otherwise, he is pretty uniform in misspelling, writing always "wuz" and "uv;" but "to," "2," "too," and "toe," "principle," "princippel," "prinsiple," and "prinsippel;" "exile," and "exel," and eggshile," etc. "Muchness," and "goy," and such sentences as, "Wat wantest thow, my gentle friend?" savor strongly of Artemus. "Madder nor," "ferninst," and "behint" are Hibernicisms. "Maik no doubt" would hardly be used by an illiterate person.

If we are happy to assert that Mr. Nasby writes better things now than any thing in this volume, the dedication excepted, we must also remark that he does not scruple to draw upon material already used. The "original" "Dook de Nasby" will be found here on page 168, opposite perhaps the worst illustration in the book. But this and all other peccadilloes we stand ready to forgive to the man who has helped most efficiently to make treason odious, and to unmask the rottenness of a still unburied party; and who, together with the great body of native caricaturists, whose instincts proved true to liberty and loyalty when the rebellion tried them, has taught us that American laughter, like the French, is a great and powerful thing, at whose explosions, as before the blasts of Joshua's horns, the battlements of wrong quake and tumble to the ground.

DIVINE AND MORAL EMBLEMS.

Quarles's Emblems, Divine and Moral. The School of the Heart, &c. (William Tegg.)

"I NEVER yet knew an author that had not his admirers. Bunyan and Quarles have passed through several editions, and please as many readers as Dryden and Tillotson." Thus in the *Whig Examiner*, of September 21st, 1710, irreverently writes Addison of two of the most voluminous and popular authors of their times; one of whom, at least, is still as great a favourite as when the brilliant papers of the "prince of British prose writers" delighted and instructed the readers of the *Spectator*. Thanks to Macaulay "The Pilgrim's Progress" is to-day appreciated by a class of readers who are by no means insensible to the charms of elegant composition. Not so Francis Quarles's "Emblems." Who knows ten lines of his poems, which a little more than 200 years ago were as "familiar as household words." Edward Phillips, Milton's nephew, calls him "the darling of our plebeian judgments:—his 'Emblems,' &c., have been, and still are, in wonderful veneration among the vulgar;" and Pope, writing to Bishop Atterbury, says—"Tinnit inane est, with the picture of one ringing on the globe with his finger is the best thing that I have the luck to remember in that great poet Quarles; not that I forget the 'Devil at Bowls,' which I know to be your lordship's favourite cut as well as favourite diversion."

Ours we fear is not an age that can appreciate epigram, or else that Mr. Tupper has more than satisfied this generation in the matter of proverbial philosophy. It may, however, be truly said of Quarles that, with all his quaint conceits and exaggerated emblems, he is a poet; and the reader will find very many beautiful thoughts that are not to be met with elsewhere.

We remarked that little is known of Quarles, but we hardly expected to find it stated in the "Book of Days" of Messrs. Chambers, that "after more than a century of utter neglect it (the 'Emblems') was reprinted about fifty years ago, and this reprint has also now become scarce." This might have been said of many of the poet's works, but not of the "Emblems." From 1635 to the present day there has never

been a longer interval than forty-one years (viz., from 1736 to 1777) between any two editions, while since the "fifty years ago" no less than nine have been printed. In the present edition we find the "School of the Heart" still attributed to Quarles, a mistake first made by the Rev. C. E. de Coetlogon in the 1777 edition. It is a translation by Christopher Harvey, known as the author of the "Synagogue," a poem generally found appended to the "Temple" of Herbert. It is from the "Schola Cordis" of Von Haeften, written in Latin, and published in Antwerp in 1635. The poem is not out of place in the volume, but the authorship might as well be given.

The woodcuts accompanying and giving point to the poems—or perhaps we should say the Emblems themselves—are certainly striking, but are not pleasing. Still we do not see how they are to be got rid of, or whence any substitutes of higher pretensions are to be provided. Modern art would, indeed, be very much at fault in portraying the devil at bowls. But the reader will endure the prints for the sake of the poems. Southey, some sixty years ago, in an article in the "Critical Review," says, "The Emblems are fine poems upon some of the most ridiculous prints that ever excited merriment, yet the poems are neglected while the prints have been repeatedly republished." Indeed, we believe they have been employed to illustrate a Spanish romance.

For what little is known of the poet we are chiefly indebted to his wife, from whom we learn that his life, at least at the close, was not all of roses. One of the gentlest spirits of the times, he managed for many years to keep aloof from all political squabbles, occupying himself in his profession (the law), and in the discharge of the duties of the office of Chronologer to the City of London, an appointment he held until his death, in 1644, pursuing diligently at the same time his literary labours, being often in his study "by 3 a clock in the morning." At last, the misfortunes of the unhappy Charles could be witnessed no longer without an effort to aid the falling cause. The loyalty of the subject overcame the timidity of the man, and he employed his pen with a vigour that, if it failed to strengthen the hands of the Royalists, succeeded in irritating the Parliamentarians to a degree that proved fatal to himself. His "Loyal Convert," a political pamphlet, gained him, unfortunately, a notoriety among his enemies as well as friends; and with a grim and savage humour they charged him with apostasy from the Protestant religion. This, with the loss of his property, so preyed upon his mind that within a few months it caused his death; proving, alas! too late, how unfitted was the poet to combat with the saints and sinners of that unscrupulous and robust age. In a brief biography, prefixed to his "Solomon's Recantation," a year after his death, his wife denies the charge which had been preferred against him, asserting that "For his religion he was a true son of the Church of England, an even Protestant, not in the least degree biassed to this hand of superstition, or that of schism, though both these factions were ready to cry him down for his inclination to the contrary." There is something to our thinking very touching in the earnest efforts of the widow to place her husband right with the world. She quaintly says, "his equal may be desired, but can hardly be met withal;" and adds, in words not very complimentary to the poets of the period, "though it be too frequent a fault (as we see by experience) in gentlemen whose disposition incline them to the study of poetry to be loose and debauched in their lives, yet it was very far from him. Their delight could not be greater in the tavern than his was in the study, to which he devoted himself late and early."

With regard to the position this writer should hold in the ranks of the poets we will not here affect to pronounce; but of one thing we are assured, that all who make his acquaintance will thank the publisher for rescuing Francis Quarles from "utter neglect."

EASTERN ASIA.

Die Völker des oestlichen Asien. Studien und Reisen von Dr. Adolf Bastian. (Leipzig, 1866. Verlag von Otto Wigand.)

THE first and second volumes of Dr. Adolf Bastian's great work on "The Nations of Eastern Asia," to be completed in five volumes, are now before the public. The author is one of the most instructive writers in modern times on the above highly important and interesting subject. In the first volume he gives us the history of the Indo-Chinese, viz., of Birma, Pegu, Siam, Cambodia; and Chronologies of Farther India. In the second volume he describes his voyages in Birma in 1861-62; on the coast; up the Irawaddy to Prome and Mandalay; and in the intermediate territory of the frontier down the Sillang to Pegu, as far as the Siamese frontier. The third volume will contain an account of the author's residence in Siam, with travels in Cambodia and Cochin-China (1836), and the fourth, his travels through the Archipelago to Japan and China, and the Overland Route from Peking, through Mongolia and Siberia to the Caucasus (1864-65). In the last volume the author purposes picturing the Buddhism of the Pali texts, in the form in which it exists in the countries of South-Eastern Asia, and such as he had facilities of studying in his visits to monasteries in Birma and Siam, and his long intercourse with the monks inhabiting them. As the home voyage offered some opportunities for observations on the Foism of China and Japan, the Lamaism followed by Mongols, Burats, and Calmucks, some important points of this wide-spread religion may receive new elucidations by their comparative analysis. The materials which the author collected for working up the history of Ultra-India are for the most part quite new; still, wherever it could be done, he has paid due regard to what his predecessors in this department have furnished; and more especially to the contributions of Sangermans, Crawford, Richardson, Burney, Phayre, Mason, Yule for Birma; and Loubère, Jones, Pallegoix and Bowring for Siam. The literature on Ultra-India is very limited, and many of the most valuable essays on it are dispersed in journals to which but few have access. It is difficult to understand why the Indo-Chinese Peninsula has been so long neglected, for its soil is sufficiently productive. A glance at the contents of the two volumes now published will show how rich the harvest was. The attempts which have been made to rectify this defect in the scientific literature of Europe, did not succeed for want of positive foundation to rest upon. In Ultra-India only could the requisite materials be collected. In relating the incidents of his voyage, the author delineates the moral and intellectual development of the Buddhists in Ultra-India. As he had frequent intercourse with all classes among them, from the King of Birmah, in whose palace he resided for several months, down to the lowest inhabitants of the country, there is not a subject relating to their various social, economical, political, legal, religious, literary, and scientific concerns, of which an outline has not been traced. The geography and geology of the country are also graphically sketched in their main features. To illustrate the literature of the Indo-Chinese, the author has given us several original translations of their history, mythology, poetry, romances, fables, &c. The greatest gain that we derive from the disclosure of a foreign popular literature is, that it lays open to our view a new phase in the phenomenology of the human mind; and this gain is the greater, if with it is connected a better understanding of so ramified a mental structure as Buddhism, which has had a greater influence upon the historical development of large continental regions than any other production of the mind. In order to understand in comparative psychology the casual connexion of appearances, we require, above all, points of comparison; for only from correctly understood data are we able to draw further consequences. The quite independently developed culture of Eastern Asia is therefore of the highest im-

portance for our Western culture. Both proceed in separate lines, and allow us, in studying their relations, a strict control of the laws derived therefrom; while all other spheres of civilization known to us are more or less mixed up with our own, as they either served as a former foundation of it, or branched off into later improvements. Though in an anthropological point of view the efforts of the author were chiefly directed to an enrichment of psychology by new facts, still the historical sciences will find much useful matter in his contributions.

The paramount value, then, of these two volumes chiefly consists:—1st, in the large amount of new information which they contain relating to the Indo-Chinese; and, 2nd., in the fact that this information is based partly upon the author's autopsy of their country and life, partly upon their historical books, which he translated, and their oral traditions, with which he made himself acquainted whilst sojourning among them, and which, although they abound among aboriginal tribes, have never received the attention they so well deserve.

A careful study of particularities has been, for the present, put aside by the author, for want of time and opportunity. He considered it as his duty at first only to fill "in toto," though still by rough sketches, the unjustifiable void in our knowledge of the nations of Eastern Asia. A minute and elaborate working out of the collected materials he leaves to the learned in Europe, whose names are universal in the field of Indian literature; among whom Lassen, Benfey, Weber, Brockhaus, and many others, are at the present day ornaments of the German universities.

NEW DICTIONARIES.

Jamieson's Dictionary of the Scottish Language. Abridged by John Johnston. A New Edition, Revised and Enlarged by John Longmuir, A.M., LL.D. (Nimmo.)

THE preface to this book affords a pleasing contrast to that of Dr. Latham's Johnson. It does not sink all mention of the great work which forms the basis of the book to which it serves as entrance; it does not arrogate to its writer the credit of having performed the whole labour, of which he has only done a tenth or less, and it does not talk in almighty style of having reduced chaos to order, &c. There is no foolish bombast about it. The editor sensibly says just what he has done, and seeks to deceive nobody. He states that he "has corrected whatever typographical errors occurred in Johnston's abridgment of Jamieson. In a few cases he has corrected what was erroneous; he has given about 120 additional explanations of words; he has added 106 various spellings, and 60 synonyms, besides a few etymologies; he has introduced 70 pithy, idiomatic, and illustrative expressions, and the new words from his own resources and the contributions he has received, amount to about 630."

Considering the enormous advance made in linguistic science since Jamieson compiled his dictionary, these additions are terribly scanty. Who is responsible then for this scamping of the work? As usual, the publisher. The fixed idea of the trade seems to be that money laid out on editing is nearly thrown away. Get hold of an old book with a good name, and reprint it, with just another £20 name or so tacked to it to look modern, and then you're safe. The public is ignorant, it buys by name and reputation; the old thing will do best for it.

We do not blame Mr. Nimmo personally more than any other publisher; it is his class which is wrong, and he is but one of it. We do, however, protest against this trade notion, and demand that no more reprints—of Dictionaries especially—be undertaken, without a thorough revision, and some, at least, of the enormous additions and improvements that all of them need. The deficiencies of Jamieson in vocabulary and etymology are notorious. One short glossary of the Shetland and Orkney dialect, lately published by its writer, Mr. Edmondson, and the Philological Society,

has, indeed, been used by Dr. Longmuir; but a far longer one on the dialect of Banffshire, with other words and meanings not in Jamieson, by the Rev. Walter Gregor, of Pitsligo, already partly printed for the Philological Society, Dr. Longmuir has missed. If a London Society could add these to Jamieson, what would not a well-published appeal to all Scotch collectors have called forth? The book might have been easily increased by one-third; and a proper examination of the old Northern works published since Jamieson would have added something like a tenth, we should think, to its present bulk. Mr. Nimmo will, perhaps, say that this work was not for him to do; a larger firm than his, or a special committee for re-editing the four volume quarto edition, should do it. That would be better, no doubt; but he might have done somewhat towards the enlargement; and should, by way of penance, set himself towards getting up the edition or committee that we have suggested. Scotland has literary antiquarians worthy of their name in Laing, Innes, and others; let them, then, bestir themselves to complete Jamieson's labours, and make the storehouse of the materials of their noble old tongue as full as it should be. But, having done it, do not let them, like Dr. Latham with Dr. Johnson, write a preface talking as if their original had done nothing and they had done it all. Having thus delivered ourselves of what we wish Mr. Nimmo had done and what we want him to do, we must still turn to him with gratitude, and say that, as half a loaf is better than no bread, we are very thankful to him for issuing this amended reprint of Johnston's abridgment of Jamieson. It was much wanted; it is an improvement on its predecessors; it is well printed, on good paper, and is sold at a reasonable price. We regret to see that the book is stereotyped, as that stands in the way of a new and really revised edition, so urgently needed. Still, as it is, the book is worthy of a very wide sale, and we hope Mr. Nimmo's profits on it will induce him to undertake the better edition we have asked for.

A Dictionary of the English Language. By R. G. Latham, M.D., F.R.S. Founded on Dr. Johnson's Dictionary, as edited by the Rev. H. J. Todd. In 2 Vols. 4to. Vol. I. in Two Parts. £3 10s. (Longmans.)

First Notice.—The Preface.

GEORGE IV. is said to have asserted so often that he led a charge of cavalry at Waterloo, that at last he came to believe it. His hearers were naturally puzzled at his assurance, till its cause was explained to them; and unless a similar cause can be assigned to some of Dr. Latham's boasts in his preface, we confess ourselves puzzled to understand the ground of them; for fact their foundation is not; fiction of some kind it is. Having used the book more or less from the first, and knowing somewhat how far the editor's work has been done or not done, and what some of the best judges have said of it, we confess that we have been obliged, more than once, while reading the preface, to put the part down, rub our eyes, and take the book up again, to convince ourselves that such pretensions have been put forward in it as assuredly are there. Take one instance out of twenty:—"In hope of giving longevity to that which its own nature forbids to be immortal, I have devoted this book, the labour of years, to the honour of my country, that we may no longer yield the palm of philology to the nations of the continent." Now, if this sentence means anything more than bombast, it means that some little pains at least have been taken with the philological illustration of the etymology, of the bases, of the words in the Dictionary. To test this we shut the part, and let it open for itself, as it did, and our eye caught the black type of the word *island*, a word, as every reader knows, with an interesting etymological, if not philological story attached to it. And what do our readers think that Dr. Latham, for the honour of the philology of his country, has said about this word? Nothing at all. "Island

s. Tract of land surrounded by water," Johnson's definition, with Johnson's three quotations, is what alone is given; and even Johnson's [*insula*, Latin; *isola*, Italian; *ealand*, Erse: it is pronounced *iland*] is left out, though it at least explains the presence of the *s*, and guards the foreigner against an almost certain mistake in pronouncing the word. What then does Dr. Latham really profess to give in etymology by way of wresting the palm of philology from Germany for the honour of his country? "The etymology," he tells us in one place, "so far as it is yet known, was easily found in the volumes where it is particularly and professedly delivered;" and again,—"For the Teutonic etymologies I am commonly indebted to Junius and Skinner, the only names which I have forborne to quote when I copied their books." Is then the palm of philology, like the broom-seller's, one of cheapness, which was wrested from his rival, who prigged the heads and handles of his brooms separately by the other who prigged the brooms entire, and beat his competitor out of the market? However this may be, Dr. Latham has omitted to quote from Mr. Hensleigh Wedgwood (as he has wisely quoted many other discussions,) the etymology of *island*, which sets the matter straight. "The spelling of *island* has been corrupted, and the etymology obscured, by the influence of *isle*, a word from a totally different root, viz:—Lat. *insula*, It. *isola*, Fr. *isle*; while *iland*, A.S. *iyland*, is properly *eye-land*, a spot of land surrounded by water in the face. Fris. *ooge*, eye, and also *island*. A.S. *ig* has the same sense in *Sceapige*, Sheppey or Sheep's Island. Dan. *örre* eye, *ö* or *öe* *isle*. The true etymology is preserved in *eyot*, ait, a small island in a river." (See also Diefenbach I., 86.) The truth about Dr. Latham's etymologies is, that except when they are quoted from Mr. Wedgwood, they hardly ever deserve the name. And as to this edition of Johnson helping us no longer to yield the helm of philology to the land of Grimm, Bopp, Pott, Deffenbach, Diez, and a score of other learned men, why, it is utter nonsense. The Americans are already sneering at the very marked inferiority of this book in etymology to the new edition of Webster by Dr. Mahn, of Berlin, and with justice. Continental visitors to whom you show it say, "What! is this all you can give us as the result of the work of the German and Danish scholars on your tongue?" We have to hang down our heads, say yes, and make excuses. And that should have been the tone of Dr. Latham's preface. He has made some excuses, it is true; but the burden of what he says is this kind of speech, as of a God approaching chaos, and with the wave of his hand setting all in order. "When I took the first survey of my undertaking, I found our speech copious without order, and energetic without rules: wherever I turned my view, there was perplexity to be disentangled, and confusion to be regulated; choice was to be made out of boundless variety, without any established principle of selection; adulterations were to be detected, without a settled test of purity; and modes of expression to be rejected or received, without the suffrages of any writers of classical reputation or acknowledged authority. Having, therefore, no assistance but from general grammar, I applied myself to the perusal of our writers; and noting whatever might be of use to ascertain or illustrate any word or phrase, accumulated in time the materials of a Dictionary, which, by degrees, I reduced to order &c., &c."

Had the sentence continued, "An ignorant and careless scrub, one Johnson, preceded me in the colossal work, I, giant-like, had undertaken with my mighty hand, but I flung his miserable endeavour from me, with the scorn it deserved, and have alone, unaided, accomplished the work myself," we should not have been surprised, for in the "Author's Preface," Johnson has altogether disappeared. The brag in this production, when contrasted with the execution of the Editor's work, is simply unbearable. We do not wish to kick a man who is down, but we do beg Messrs. Longman

to cancel this Author's Preface, and substitute one for it, which will do a little more justice to Johnson's work, and put the present Editor's in its proper place, as far as they like below his great predecessor's.

STUDIES IN MODERN RUSSIAN LITERATURE.

IV.—SUMARÓKOFF.

THE drama, in its earliest form—that of Mysteries—was introduced into Russia from Poland in the beginning of the twelfth century. They were known under the name of Religious Dialogues, or simply as Histories, and were at first played exclusively in Monasteries; nor is it till 1603 that we read of their being performed by students in the universities and public schools. The language in which they were written was either Polish or Latin. The earliest Latin Dialogue that has come down to our days is entitled "Adam," and bears on its title-page the date of 1507: the earliest in Polish is "The Life of the Saviour, from His Entry into Jerusalem;" and was composed by a Dominican of Cracoff in the year 1533. The latter describes the closing events in Our Lord's earthly career so minutely that no less than four days were required to act it. So far, the history of the early drama in Russia does not differ from that of other countries. But there was another class of dramatic representations peculiar to Russia, and which were as essentially popular as the Mysteries were ecclesiastical. These were exhibited in a kind of perambulating show, called *vertéps*, divided into three stories; the first and third of which were occupied by the performing figures, the second being devoted to the machinery necessary to put the marionettes into motion. They formed the chief attraction of the large fairs held in the principal cities of the empire during the Christmas holidays; and the card-figures consisted of the Virgin, Joseph, the Saviour, Angels, Shepherds, and the Magi. As might be expected from the time of year when these performances took place, the Nativity and the Massacre of the Innocents were usually selected as the subject of these plays. For the latter there was, of course, a slight change in the characters. In addition to those enumerated above, there were Herod, Death, represented in the shape of a skeleton, and the Devil, who came in at the end to carry off a whole troop of ungodly kings. Like the Mysteries, these plays were for a long while of a strictly religious character, but gradually changed into rude satires on contemporary life and manners. The Russian Church never took any part in these shows, and did not even encourage them. At one time, indeed, the Church strictly forbade them, though they continued, in spite of ecclesiastical edicts, to form the favourite amusement of the populace till as late as the seventeenth century. Not that the Church altogether neglected the drama as a means of educating the people. It had its three annual scenic festivities. The first represented "The Casting of the Wicked into Hell," and was played at Christmas, both in Moscow and Novgorod. The second, dating from the fifteenth century, represented "The Journey on the Ass," and was performed in Passion-week. The third, played on the Sunday before Butter-week,* was the most solemn of all, and represented "The Last Judgment."

But very few of these Mysteries have been preserved. Those that we possess are characterised to a great extent by the same peculiarities which we remark in English Miracle-Plays of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. There is a similar confusion of the terms tragedy and comedy in their titles, and equally profound indifference to chronology, and a like mixture of real with imaginary personages. Thus, the comedy of "Holofernes and Judith," performed at Moscow in the year 1672, promises on its title-page to show "how the Empress Halafernes (*sic*) cut

off the head of the Emperor." In the "piteous comedy" of "Adam and Eve," printed at Kieff some two or three years later, it is only the prologue that is strictly concerned with the story of our first parents; the four acts, of which it is composed, being devoted to the exploits of the Emperor Alexis Michaielovitch, and Biblical or allegorical personages mix freely with historical characters throughout the drama.

It is, however, to the *vertéps* that we trace the origin of the Russian theatre. As has been already hinted, these shows, from about the middle of the sixteenth century, began to lose their exclusively religious character, and, in the place of Biblical legends, represented humorous scenes, in which the history and manners of the period are broadly caricatured. This latter form of drama corresponds to our Interludes. Of those which have been preserved, the majority have at least one *rashólnick* among their personages, whose opposition to the social reforms inaugurated by the Government, afforded an unfailing theme of satire. In one of them the *rashólnick* is made to lament the backslidings of an age which had so far relapsed from the pure faith, "that even old believers began to wear short coats in lieu of the long flowing robe, and to shave the beard": innovations sufficiently startling to justify the prediction, "that before long Antichrist would appear on earth." These reforms enable us to fix the date of its composition, since in 1705 an imperial decree was issued, recommending, and in some cases commanding, Government *employés* to adopt the foreign dress and to shave the beard.

As early as 1721 it was ordered that the students of all public seminaries "should play comedies twice in the year." Nor were these plays restricted to Mysteries, or even Interludes, but included translations and adaptations from the works of foreign dramatists. Molière would seem to have been the favourite author. "Le médecin malgré lui," as well as "Les Précieuses ridicules," were played in one year at the Moscow Academy. Among these schools the Cadet Corps at St. Petersburg enjoyed a high reputation for the zeal with which its teachers promoted the study of literature. These efforts were not lost upon the pupils, who formed among themselves an "Amateur Literary Society," the members of which were accustomed to meet once a week, and to read original compositions in prose and verse. There was one of the pupils, whose papers were of such superior merit that they attracted the attention of the authorities, and a collection from the best of them was published at the expense of the establishment. The name of the pupil was Alexander Sumarókov, destined to become illustrious in the history of his country as "the founder of the Russian theatre." His ambition was naturally aroused by the favour with which his first productions had been received, and in 1747 he wrote his tragedy "Choreff," which was played in the same year, both at the Cadet Corps and the Palace, in the presence of the Empress Elizabeth. Among the audience at its first representation was the son of a Yaroslaff tradesman, named Vólkov. The performance produced such an effect upon him, that, on returning to his native town, he hired a coach-house, and with the assistance of a few friends gave a series of theatrical representations. The building was in truth but a sorry one; the pieces played of no literary value; the scenery most meagre in quantity and kind; the actors, ill-trained provincial amateurs;—but happily the audience were too uncritical to notice these shortcomings, and the undertaking proved so successful that within a few years a regular theatre was built, and Vólkov appointed its director. In 1756 a theatre was opened at St. Petersburg under the management of Sumarókov, the

principal actor being Vólkov, who is described by no mean authority as having been "a man of good parts and liberal education."*

Sumarókov occupied the same position in the dramatic literature of Russia as Lomonósov in lyrical poetry. They were the first to accept the French classics as models of literary excellence; and it were hard to say which of the two imitated them with the greater subservience. But in spite of Sumarókov's slavish observance of the three unities, "*hors desquels il n'y avait point de salut*," and all those other laws by which poetry was reduced to a mere mechanical art, his imitation is at the best but a surface one. No shackles could bind the free working of the genius of a Racine; but Sumarókov, though he could reproduce the form, had none of the spirit of Racine. His tragedies represent one passion, never the whole character of a man in all its manifestations; they describe a feeling, rather than show us human nature modified and influenced by the surrounding circumstances of individual life. As with Racine, love is the prevailing passion in the tragedies of Sumarókov. But whilst the love of Hermione has its subtle characteristics which separate it from the love of Roxiana; however Sumarókov may christen his heroines, they all love and express their love in one and the same stereotyped fashion. There is no individuality in their utterances; there is no reason, beyond the caprice of the poet, why the speeches of an Olga should not be assigned to an Osniel. Racine has been often reproached with turning his Romans and Greeks into Frenchmen. No such accusation can be brought against Sumarókov. His characters belong to no nation and to no age. They have, it is true, Russian names, but there is nothing in their sentiments, their speech, nor their actions which can be brought into harmony either with the time in which they lived, or the people whom they are supposed to represent. Beyond their names there is absolutely nothing Russian about them. The success, which, in spite of their shortcomings, Sumarókov's tragedies for a long time enjoyed is due to the fact that, unlike those of Lomonósov, they are not simply didactic, but abound with situations that cannot fail to produce an effect upon the stage. The unity of plot may not always be sustained, but there is action and movement in these plays. Most of them have two or three "farewell scenes," which, according to Karamsin, formed Sumarókov's strong point, and Catherine, in one of her letters to Voltaire, eulogises their tenderness and pathos. Another reason for their popularity is, perhaps, to be sought in the thoroughness with which they reflect the ideas of the eighteenth century. Thus, in "Demetrius the Pretender," we have a long diatribe against the abuses of the Papal power; whilst in another of his dramas, the chief character is in many places little more than the mouthpiece of Montesquieu, whose opinions on love, honour, and education are almost literally reproduced.†

After what has been said there is no necessity to dwell in detail on each separate drama. They are extremely numerous, but are one and all marked by the same characteristics. Several of them profess to be historical, though, from the freedom the poet has employed in treating of historical events, they scarcely deserve the name. In "Choreff" we have the story of Kie, the reputed founder of Kieff, whose son Choreff falls in love with Osniel, the captive daughter of Zavloch, the Governor of the City. His love is discovered, and Kie, in his fear lest the charms of Osniel should have overcome the patriotism of his son, who is appointed to lead a large force against her father, determines to put her to death. The resolve is barely executed when the sword of the defeated rebel is brought to Kie by a herald from his son. Choreff, on hearing of the suspicions to which he had been exposed and their cruel result, kills himself in despair.

Love—that is, what the French call *l'amour larmoyant*—forms the subject of "Demetrius the Pretender." Its hero is intended to be a kind of Richard III., and, so far as talking

* Quoted from Von Vizin by Galáchoff: Hist. of Russ. Lit., I., p. 366.

† Galáchoff: Hist. of Russ. Lit., I., p. 372.

* The week immediately preceding the first in Lent, is so called from a kind of pancake (*blénie*), which forms the favourite Russian dish during carnival-time.

* The title is denied him by Galáchoff and some other critics, on the plea that, before he commenced writing, religious plays were performed in the public schools. But a national theatre, in the true sense of the word, cannot be said to have existed before the production of Sumarókov's "Choreff."

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villainously is concerned, may be pronounced to be his equal. In his monologues he is most bloodthirsty, but the poet throughout the play studiously avoids allowing him to carry any of his wicked designs into action. Notwithstanding one or two effective soliloquies, the force of which is considerably lessened by their inconsistency with the incidents of the drama, Demetrius is but a melodramatic hero, stamping, raging, and declaiming after the approved fashion of his kind. As an example of Sumarokoff's style, I append one of the most celebrated of these soliloquies; many of the ideas in which, as the English reader will not fail to remark, are borrowed from Shakspeare—

The flushing clouds of eve mount up the sky:
Beyond the forest the sun plunges down
To rise the fresher on the morrow's world.
Stay! linger yet, thou ruddy orb of day!
In vain! the destined hour is come: thou'rt gone,
And thy returning I no more shall see.

The blissful soul goes straight to God's embrace,
But from a throne my path lies straight to hell.
This, my last night, to me but ushers in
Eternal night, when I shall waking see
What here I fear to see even in dreams.
I shall myself bear all the torments fierce
Which here I have inflicted: I, who have
Destroy'd the land, shall be myself destroy'd.
"Flee, tyrant, flee!"—but whom to flee?
myself!

I fear myself and mine own shadow too.
"The assassin is upon thee!"—That is I.
For there is not one other here than I.
Flee? whither? I bear my hell about with me.

I will have vengeance? but on whom? myself?
Vengeance upon myself? I love myself;
Yet wherefore love myself, I cannot see.
All things cry vengeance on me: plunderings,
Perverted judgments, deeds of blood,—all, all
Cry with one voice upon me.

Even the poor
At times are happy, even in poverty,
While I upon a throne am miserable. . . .
I will have patience!—Patience? perdition!
I cannot have patience! I will persecute,
Drive, and be driven: seek blood, have my blood
sought:
I'll live, I'll die, a tyrant still, or naught!

In a future paper we shall have occasion to speak of the general character of Russian comedy. It will then appear that Russian literature is far richer in comedy than in tragedy. The writings of Sumarokoff only tend to confirm this opinion. While there is much bombast, and more of affected than true eloquence, in his tragic or historical dramas, his humorous pieces are distinguished by a naturalness and ease which make them as pleasant to read as the former are tedious and heavy. One of the most amusing of Sumarokoff's lighter productions is "Tresotinius, or the Pedant." If we are to believe an entry made in his own handwriting on the title-page of the original manuscript, it was composed in one day. We there read that it was "begun on the 12th of January, 1750, and finished on the 13th of the same month." Sumarokoff, it may be remarked, was especially vain of the rapidity with which he wrote. Tresotinius is intended to ridicule the reforms which Tredyakófsky introduced into Russian orthography, and in the following scene, particular reference is made to his substitution of the Roman T for the old Russian letter *ѣ*. In order to make the scene intelligible to English readers, it should be observed that the names of the letters in the Slavonic alphabet are the substantives they have arbitrarily been made to stand for; thus T would be called Trust, H Hope, and so on. The actual meaning of *Tvédo*, the name of the Slavonic T, is *firm*:—

Tresotinius—
May I make bold to ask you, sir,
For your opinion?

Bobembius— What is, rather, that
Of your high wisdom and much learnedness?

Tresotinius—
Well, for my part, I think the one-legg'd T
To be the more correct, because the Greeks,

* So Mephistophiles in Marlow's "Faust":—
"But where we are is Hell,
And where Hell is, there must we ever be."

From whom we borrowed it, give it but one.
A three-legg'd T is a monstrosity,
And of no kin whatever to Greek *Tau*.

Bobembius—
And you, esteem'd and honour'd gentlemen,
Your verdict?

Kimar— I maintain the contrary:
T on three legs is better than on one.
For this, if e'er his leg break under him,
Is good for nothing; but the other one
Is more secure, for, though he should break two,
He still would have a leg to stand upon.

Bobembius—
Although you take a different line from me,
Yet is your reasoning good.

Tresotinius— And I contest,
And will affirm, even in the face of both,
And of as many as you choose to bring,
That the true T is the one-legg'd one,
And the three-legg'd T, a monster! There!

Bobembius—
Hold! argue to your heart's content, but pray,
No heat, nor anger; don't revile my T:
I must stand up for him.

Tresotinius— And I defend
My one-legg'd T to the last drop—of ink!

Bobembius—
A doughty champion, you!

Tresotinius— Bah! any one
Of all my pupils is as wise as you!

Bobembius—
I, as becomes a true philosopher,
Shall keep my temper, when 'tis but myself
That is concerned; but, mark you, for my T,
I, as a rhetorician, am content
To shed my heart's blood.

Tresotinius— Bah! I say, your T
Is but a shabby and most scurvy T,
While mine is a right noble letter; not
Sloveno-Russian only, but a Greek.

Bobembius—
My T on three legs *trusty* stands, and firm,
Ergo, it stands for *trust*; but single T
Is not firm; ergo, cannot stand for *trust*.
Your T is weak, untrustworthy, and hence
Low, despicable, mean, and pitiful.

Tresotinius—
And for your T, it neither is good Russ,
Nor Arabic, nor Syriac, nor Chaldee,
Nor . . . nor anything.

But the dispute is waxing too warm. So
here we will leave the angry combatants, and
at the same time bring our paper on Sumarokoff
to a close.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

To the Editor of THE READER.

Sir,—As an appeal to the public against the injustice of the Press, Mr. W. Fothergill Cooke has simply reprinted his pamphlet of 1854. A short preface explains the cause of the appeal. This pamphlet advances very heavy charges against Professor Wheatstone.

In the first of these charges, Mr. Wheatstone is distinctly accused of misleading the writer of an article in the *Quarterly Review*, for his own glorification, and to the serious injury of Mr. Cooke. This charge remains to be made good. But Mr. Cooke's reiterated assertion to the effect, that "he can, by written evidence in his possession, prove 'the article in question' to have been prompted exclusively by Professor Wheatstone," must be regarded as his gauntlet, cast down in challenge alike to the Professor and to the *Review*. The challenge has been declined. Neither denial, nor justification, nor acknowledgment, has ensued—

O'er Hexham's altar hung my glove;
But Tynedale, nor in tower, nor town,
Held champion, meet to take it down.

Another weighty charge is to the effect that Professor Wheatstone, having privately obtained a letter from his own arbitrator and private friend, Professor Daniell, falsified a legal judgment, by showing that letter, as the exposition of the "Award," and that by the clandestine use of that substitute, he, for his own advantage, committed a grave legal and moral offence.

Another charge relates to insinuations of a purely personal character, which are most completely refuted by Mr. Cooke in his pamphlet, and in his letter to Mr. Wheatstone which appeared in your number for the 10th November.

There are also complaints that the article in the

Quarterly has so effectually hood-winked the public, that the *Times* and other papers refuse to admit into their columns any explanation from Mr. Cooke, or his friends, however widely their own leading articles may have set aside the now well-known "Brunel award." As Cooke fixes on Wheatstone the head and front of the offence, these complaints may be passed by; especially as we have observed that the *Times* and other leading journals have since published the "Award" (*Cooke's tower of strength*) in the best of their advertising columns—journals cannot stultify their own "Leaders"—Cooke will, therefore, do right to consider that he has received the *amende honorable* from the Press. His pamphlet of December, 1854, establishes a very strong case, and it has not been in any way shaken by anything which has since appeared. Wheatstone's "Answer" (published more than twelve months after, viz., January, 1856), was utterly shattered within two months by Cooke's "Reply" (published in March of the same year), and by the reprint of the original arbitration papers, by which the "Reply" was accompanied. The two imperial octavo volumes, in which the whole of these documents is comprised, have indeed a formidable aspect; but the reader's path through them is made easy by abundance of clear marginal references: by these whatever relates to any point on either side of the question may be seen at a glance, and in all the documents being at once collated, each point is mastered as it occurs. A few instances would probably suffice to form a judgment as to the value of the "Answer." Let anyone, for example, take Wheatstone's misquotation from a letter noticed in your last number (Pamphlet, p. 66), or the claims to priority, Vol. I., p. 150, or the French translation of the "Award," by Moigno, Vol. I., p. 149, or the amusing and graphic picture of Professor Daniell's astonishment on seeing the patent telegraphic apparatus of Cooke and Wheatstone at Euston Square, Vol. I., p. 158, or the exposure of Wheatstone's covert use of Professor Daniell's private letter, Vol. I., p. 164, *et seq.*, and he will, I think, agree with me that the pamphlet of 1854 has not been shaken. Before leaving Wheatstone's "Answer," I think it only fair to suggest, that it was written for him, from his own memoranda and letters, and not by him. It is cleverly, but carelessly—nay, most recklessly—compiled. Wheatstone never would have published such egregious misstatements with his signature attached. In illustration, see the lamentable confusion, and comical exposure, of his intended experiment *under the Thames* (Pamphlet, p. 58, and Vol. II., p. 131), on which shattered foundation he rebuilds his "Chateau en Espagne" (Vol. I., p. 129), and claims to be the originator of the Atlantic and all other submarine telegraphs. This "answer" commences thus:—"In undertaking to reply, Mr. Wheatstone must disclaim"—(let me suggest in continuance the following words)—"all responsibility for this pamphlet."

The strength of Mr. Cooke's case lies—(1.) in his definitively accepting the Award of 1841 as a limit to his claims; (2.) in his frank admission, that he was himself unskilled in electric science in 1837; (3.) in his no less frank admission of Wheatstone's electric researches; (4.) in the steady consistence of his claims, before, during, and since the arbitration; (5.) in his always writing *manfully for himself with his signature attached*.

The parts of his case most heavily pressing upon Wheatstone are—(1.) the very serious charge against him of tampering with the Press; (2.) the obtaining, and clandestinely using, his own Arbitrator's private award; (3.) the substitution, on the continent, of another document in place of the "Award."

The *Quarterly Review* affair has its double bearing; but I may leave the *Quarterly* to sail serenely on, in its pride of place; or, to vindicate its fair fame, as a reliable guide in scientific history—as it pleases.

In conclusion, I will, with permission, address a few words of advice, through your columns, to Professor Wheatstone, as to the manner in which he may extricate himself from his present more than questionable position. I would say to him: Admit frankly, and promptly, any error made by yourself, or by your friends on your behalf. Deny explicitly, *if you can*, Cooke's charge respecting the *Quarterly* (it is the most damaging charge against you; amounting to no less than this, that you have robbed another of his rights, for your own sole benefit). Throw the responsibility of that article on the right man, and demand Cooke's proofs. But be careful that you are not trapped in any pitfall! You, and the well-known writer, can best judge if there be danger. If you can thus remove "the winter of our discontents," demand, as Professor Henry did

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in America, an open enquiry before high-minded independent men; not before old scientific friends, either at King's College or elsewhere—that would but excite the more suspicion, as savouring of a desire rather to conceal the truth than to exhibit it. It is no question of your scientific researches or talents; no one doubts or questions those; it is whether you have availed yourself of your direct or indirect influence with the press, and with literary men, to deprive “a comparatively unknown colleague” of his honourable share in the introduction of the electric telegraph, for your *exclusive honour and glory*? It may be a painful ordeal for you to go through, yet Professor Henry voluntarily submitted to it, and came out with honour.

Follow his example, if you dare. *Mens conscia recti* need have no hesitation. After all, is the ordeal so painful as that through which you have forced Mr. Cooke to pass? Refer to his letter of the 6th November (you will find it in No. 202 of THE READER), begin with the words “In 1854, I fixed you as a party to insinuations then current,” and read, with the feeling and conscience of a gentleman, down to—“if you continue to be dissatisfied, pray make me acquainted with the grounds of your dissatisfaction.” His concluding words are also worthy of your attention:—“There is no escape from this dilemma, and though it is now, as I long since warned you it one day would be, beyond your power to do me justice without dishonour to yourself, a frank confession of your error will attach to your well-known name a less enduring stigma.”

I think, Mr. Editor, that the above advice is sufficient for the present occasion; but, if it be thrown away, I may again ask admission to THE READER for more facts, unaccompanied by advice, to the Professor. Mr. Cooke, ensconced in the wilds of North Wales, may take this question quietly, but his friends are resolved to bring it to an issue, and they all feel deeply indebted to you for opening your columns to the discussion.

I am, Sir,
Your most obedient servant,
AMICUS.

SCIENCE.

THE KEY OF THE UNIVERSE.

The Key of the Universe. (Chapman & Hall.)

AT last the philosopher's stone has been discovered, and may be purchased for a few shillings of any bookseller, under the name of “The Key of the Universe.” We are unable to say to whom we are indebted for this valuable little instrument; however we believe this will be found the only secret the “Key” will not reveal to those who buy it. Nor is this omission to be regretted, for great as our gratitude and our desire to thank this benefactor may be—much as we may wish to raise a monument to his memory, and hand his name down to posterity, yet his modesty cannot but be regarded as the surest mark of his trustworthiness, and the likeliest way to induce everyone to invest in a copy of the book.

We scarcely open the volume before we are admonished that, although the author “is far from undervaluing the logical operation of inducing facts to the discovery of truth,” he nevertheless considers that “induction alone is not best qualified in leading to such a result;” whenever we are in search of truth “it behoves us to consider not only into what we are to resolve our induction, but into what we are to resolve our conclusion also.” There is, therefore, “in the human intellect a pre-science which usually anticipates discoveries.” Woe betide Locke and his fallacies concerning innate ideas! The second step to be made towards understanding the universe, is to determine in a certain sense the materiality of light: a *via media* between the *emission* and *undulatory* theories? The argument in support of this theory is thus stated:—

Since any force may become any other, and all matter being force, it follows that in this sense light is as much matter as any term that precedes it.

Once this conception clear to the mind we shall have no difficulty in determining the nature of space and ether. If Mr. Mill would but attend to the following controversion of Locke's views of “*inadequate ideas*” he would

immediately see in what consists the complement to the inductive method hinted at above—“Space cannot be nothing, for all bodies occupy it, and they cannot occupy nothing. How can they be contained in their negations? For much more must space which does not contain them be negative to them than that which does.” Besides “space is a force,” because: “firstly, it determines the limits of all bodies;” secondly, “it interposes between bodies in such a manner as to obstruct their influence upon one another;” and, thirdly, “it so permeates all concretes as to affect the relative situations of their particles, and in consequence their chemical character.” But “matter is force,” and “space is force,” it therefore follows (not that we are guilty of an illicit process), that “space is matter,” even, we presume, the space between the arithmetical series 1.3.5? By way of intellectual amusement, or rather necessary mental exercise for preparing our minds to receive our author's other new and profound theories, let us imagine “the space that lay between Milton and the ‘Paradise Lost,’ or between Watt and the steam-engine.” But to resume our argument, the hypothetical ether of the undulatory theorists is co-extensive with space and equally diffused through it, admissions which warrant the conclusion that “space must possess some kind of affinity for ether, such at least as that of a cubic foot of water for a cubic foot of carbonic acid gas,” even if they do not prove that “the intrinsic force of space and the hypothetical ether be not one and the same.” That we may be quite sure of not misrepresenting the wonderful conclusions drawn by our author, we add the following reassuring quotation:—

In my remarks on the existence of ether in space, I endeavoured to prove that, on the supposition of its being merely a tenant of space, it must of necessity hold mutual and interdependent relations with it. *If the tenure of ether be what it is generally said to be, my argument will remain valid; yet, singularly enough, the more valid the argument the more it seems to prove that ether is no tenant, but the intrinsic force of space itself.*

We fancy the concluding portion of this sentence again shows up the incompleteness of all the existing treatises on logic; and so much the more do we regret that the “Key to the Universe” did not precede Mr. Mill's “System of Logic,” for surely he would then never have omitted to mention that class of arguments, where from a hypothetical premise a certain conclusion may be legitimately drawn, and yet the more valid the argument the more it proves the assumed premise to be false!

It would take more space or force than we possess to show how light is proven to be an affinity of the ether, and how attraction and motion are functions of it, and chemical affinities reversions of it. However, from this grand view of the Creation there are several very important inferences made, and, among others, to poor M. de Quatrefages' confusion be it said, that the Darwinian theory of the origin of species is at last placed beyond doubt; not that the differences have been induced by themselves during the lapse of ages through what is termed “selection,” and the necessity of competing for the means of subsistence; for Mr. Darwin will hear with sorrow that, though right in his ultimate conclusion, his theory of selection is mere moonshine, inasmuch as the differences referred to “are to be attributed to the recurrence of some great terrestrial cycles which have, so far, advanced the scale of physical conditions.” “Every species is but a series of waves induced through time by the same causes which determined in space the structure and conditions of the original types.” There is one more very profound remark which we cannot refrain from quoting, because it at once finally disposes of Mr. Darwin, and at the same time may prove consoling to our fair, but unmarried, readers:—“It might be urged that the noble forms and beautiful faces we see around us are so many proofs of selection, that they are themselves a security for the improvements of the race, especially if they marry their like. You may be sure,” enjoins our teacher, “they will do nothing of the kind.

The tall people will prefer short people, and the most enchanting will link their fates with the ugliest men of the day. This is as it should be, for it promotes the *average* which Nature is always managing to bring about. And here the ‘selection’ theory utterly fails.” Nay, it is also owing to luminaries, like the author of “The Key of the Universe”—by keeping the balance of knowledge at a level by their learning and modesty—that society at large is enabled to make head-way against the ignorance and presumption of such men as Locke, Mill, and Darwin.

REPORTS OF SOCIETIES.

GEOLOGICAL, December 19th.—Warrington W. Smyth, Esq., F.R.S., President, in the chair.—Theodore Cooke, Esq., Mem. Inst. C.E., Principal of the Engineering College, Poona; and John Starkie Gardner, Esq., Park House, St. John's Wood, N.W., were elected Fellows.—The following communications were read:—1. “On a new specimen of *Telerpeton Elginense*.” By Prof. T. H. Huxley, F.R.S. The specimen which was described in this paper had been broken into five pieces, exhibiting hollow casts of most of the bones of *Telerpeton Elginense*. It is the property of Mr. James Grant, of Lossiemouth, and came from the reptiliferous beds of that locality, along with some highly interesting fragments of *Stagonolepis* and *Hyperodapedon*. The casts described by the author consisted of impressions of the bones of the skull, together with the lower jaw, and the teeth; of most of the vertebrae and ribs; of the greater portions of the pelvic and scapular arches; and of representatives of most of the bones of the fore and hind limbs; and it was stated that the characters of all these portions of the skeleton indicated decidedly Lacertilian affinities. In describing these remains, Professor Huxley discussed especially the biconcave character of the vertebrae; the mode of implantation of the teeth, which he believed to be Acrodont, and not Thecodont; and the anomalous structure of the fifth digit of the hind foot, which presents only two phalanges (a proximal and a terminal), a structure which differs from that of all known Lacertilian reptiles, whether recent or fossil. His researches had led him to conclude that the animal is one of the reptilia, and is devoid of the slightest indication of affinity with the amphibia. In all its characters it is decidedly Saurian, and accords with the suborder *Kionocrania* of the true Lacertilia; but the author had not been able to make sure that it possessed a columella. He also remarked that the possession by *Telerpeton Elginense* of vertebrae with concave articular faces does not interfere with this view, as although most recent Lacertilia have concavo-convex vertebrae, biconcave vertebrae much more deeply excavated than those of *T. Elginense* are met with among the existing Geckos. Professor Huxley, in conclusion, drew attention to the interesting fact that *Telerpeton* presents not a single character approximating it towards the type of the Permian *Protorosauria*, or the Triassic *Rhynchosaurus*, and other probably Triassic African and Asiatic allies of that genus, or to the Mesozoic Dinosauria; and that whether the age of the deposit in which it occurs be Triassic or Devonian, *Telerpeton* is a striking example of a *persistent type* of animal organization.—2. “On a section at Litcham affording evidence of Land-glaciation during the earlier part of the glacial period in England.” By S. V. Wood, Jun. The structure of the lower drift and the limited area to which it is confined, seemed to the author to indicate that the glacial conditions sustained by the area under consideration were chiefly those of land-ice, while its limited extent and rapid attenuation in all directions from the Cromer coast have led him to infer that only a small part of England was under water at the time. On the other hand, the great masses of chalk and of chalky debris that were carried into the marine sediment appear to indicate the presence, near at hand, of some terrestrial chalk-area from which they were detached, and he stated his belief that during this period much of the chalk of Norfolk was covered by a great glacier. In illustration of this view Mr. Searles Wood described a section at Litcham, in which the Chalk-with-flintbands is seen to become gradually more impure towards the surface, the flints becoming at the same time detached and scattered, this disturbance having been produced, in his opinion, by a force acting downwards from the surface and becoming less powerful the deeper the section descends.—3. “On the evidence of a third Boulder-clay in Norfolk.” By F. W. Harmer. The author described a deposit of true boulder-clay, from 9 to 15 feet in thickness, resting on the

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chalk, and occurring at a slight elevation above the bottom of the valley of the Yare. It seemed to him to be distinct in age both from the Till of the Cromer cliffs and from the much more recent boulder-clay, which caps the high land on each side of the valley; and he gave sections which appeared to prove that it is posterior in age, not only to the boulder-clay, but also to the plateau gravel capping the middle drift, by the time necessary for the erosion of the deep valley in which it occurs. At the same time he admitted the possibility of its being much older, and intermediate in age between the Norwich Crag and the chalk.

CHEMICAL, December 20th.—Dugald Campbell, Esq., in the chair.—Dr. E. A. Cook and Mr. James Forrest were admitted Fellows of the Society, and the following gentlemen were duly elected, viz:—John Broughton, B.Sc.; Mr. Watson Smith; and Mr. W. Noel Hartley.—Mr. W. H. Perkin read a paper "On the Basicity of Tartaric Acid," in which the author asserts that this acid has a bibasic character—an opinion deduced from the study of certain new derivatives obtained from tartaric ether by the action of the chlorides of the acid radicals, benzoyl, acetyl, etc.—A paper "On the Absorption of Vapours by Cocoa-Nut Charcoal," in continuation of a previous research, by John Hunter, M.A., was next read.—Mr. E. T. Chapman then described "Some New Reactions of Hydriodic Acid," referring to the property which this acid possesses of effecting the partial conversion of nitric oxide into ammonia.—Mr. Herbert McLeod exhibited an ingeniously-constructed apparatus, intended to serve as "A Continuous Aspirator."

QUEKETT MICROSCOPICAL.—The ordinary monthly meeting was held in the Library of University College, on Friday, December 28th.—Ernest Hart, Esq., President, in the chair, and 120 members present.—A paper was read by Mr. M. C. Cook on "Microscopy in 1866."—A fine collection of American Micro-photographs was exhibited by Mr. How.—Fourteen members were elected, and the meeting terminated with the usual microscopic conversation.

ROYAL ASIATIC, December 17th.—Sir Edward Colebrooke, Bart., M.P., President, in the chair.—Sir H. Ricketts, K.C.S.I., the Rev. Dr. Clarke, and Mr. B. Quaritch were elected resident members, and Mr. T. W. H. Tolbert, B.C.S., a non-resident member of the Society.—Sir H. C. Rawlinson brought to the notice of the meeting the great loss which the Society had sustained in the death of the Rev. E. Hincks, D.D., who was one of the most acute and successful decipherers of the ancient Egyptian and Assyrian records.—Dr. H. Birch read a paper on some rubbings of an ancient inscription found by the Rev. J. Edkins, at Pekin, in the south-east corner of the Chinese city, dating from the Kin dynasty, about 700 years from the present day. It was found on an octagonal stone, seven sides of which are covered with a Buddhist inscription, in the Devanagari character, and the eighth side with a Chinese inscription. This last records the foundation of the temple of Hwa yen cho at the time of the Han dynasty, and its subsequent repairs and alterations till the fourth year of Hung che of the Ming dynasty, A.D. 1498. Another Chinese inscription, found at the end of the Sanscrit or Pali one, records that this last was set up in the fifth year of Teen-hwang, of the Ken dynasty, A.D. 1123, and that it had been handed down by persons intimately acquainted with Buddhist formulas. These rubbings had been transmitted to Europe by Mr. A. G. Goodwin, in the hope of procuring a translation, and engaging the attention of Sanscrit scholars.

PHILOLOGICAL, December 21st.—Danby P. Fry, Esq., in the chair.—J. Peile, Esq., Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge, and John Beames, Esq., of the Bengal Civil Service, were elected members of the Society.—Goidilica (notes on Gaelic manuscripts), by Whitley Stokes, Esq., was presented by the author. The papers read were:—1. "The Aspirations of Letters in Keltic and some other Languages," by MacGowan Crume, Esq.—2. "On the Phonetic Relations of Gaelic to the Slavonic Languages," by John Donald Campbell, Esq.

ANTHROPOLOGICAL.—Annual Meeting, January 1st, 1867.—Dr. Hunt, President, in the chair.—The balance sheet of the Society was submitted. It showed an income of £1,715 14s. 0d., and an expenditure of £1,513 2s. 10d. The ballot was taken for the election of officers and council for the year 1867, when the following gentlemen were elected (*New Members in Italics*):—President: *Captain R. F. Burton*. Vice-presidents: Dr. Berthold Seemann, T. Bendyshe, Esq., Dr. R. S. Charnock, Dr. J. Reddoe, Dr. Barnard Davis, C. Robert Des

Ruffières, Esq. Director: *Dr. James Hunt*. Treasurer: *Rev. Dunbar I. Heath*. Ordinary Members: *H. G. Atkinson, Esq., C. Carter Blake, Esq., W. Bollaert, Esq., E. W. Brabrook, Esq., J. Fred. Collingwood, Esq., S. E. Collingwood, Esq., J. W. Conrad Cox, Esq., Dr. Langdown Down, Colonel Lane Fox, Dr. George Gibb, J. Meyer Harris, Esq., H. Hotze, Esq., Dr. R. King, The Viscount Milton, Major S. R. I. Owen, Luke O. Pike, Esq., Captain Bedford Pim, R.N., W. Travers, Esq., W. S. W. Vaux, Esq., E. Villin, Esq.* After mentioning the members deceased during the past year, viz., J. Hillier Blount, Dr. Lee, and Mr. Charles Groves, Dr. Hunt, the first President and Founder of the Society delivered his farewell address on retiring from that office, which he has filled with such universal satisfaction for four years; the address itself covers twenty-eight closely-printed pages, so that even a mere abstract of it is here out of the question. It will appear in the forthcoming journal of the Society, to which we must refer our readers.

ENGINEERS.—At the last Meeting of the members of this society, on the 8th inst., Mr. C. H. Gregory, Vice-President, in the Chair, six candidates were balloted for, and declared duly elected, including five members, viz:—Mr. John Clark, Engineer to the Municipal Council of Shanghai; Mr. Lewis Henry Moorsom, Resident Engineer in charge of works at the London-road Station, Manchester, of the London and North-Western, and Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway Companies; Mr. James Long Parker, Executive Engineer of the 1st grade in the service of the Government of India, Meerut; Mr. Charles Sacré, Chief Engineer to the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway Company; and Mr. Edwin Thomas, Engineer to the Regent's Canal Company; and one associate, viz:—Mr. Adam Fettiplace Blandy, Resident Engineer, Millwall Docks.

MEETINGS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY.

GEOGRAPHICAL, 8.30.—1. "A Journey to Kano, from the Niger," by (the late) Dr. W. B. Baikie.—2. "On the North-East Province of Madagascar," by the Bishop of Mauritius.—3. "Diary of a Hill Trip in Burmah," by Lieut. T. H. Lewin.

TUESDAY.

ANTHROPOLOGICAL, 8.—1. "On Mute Societies of Men," by the Rev. Dunbar I. Heath, M.A., Treas. Ass. (Resumed discussion).—2. "On Comparative Geology in Relation to the Antiquity of Man," by Mr. Charles Staniland Wake.

CIVIL ENGINEERS, 8.—"On Ships of War," by Mr. John Bourne.

STATISTICAL, 8.—"On Prison Statistics of India," by Dr. Mouat.

THURSDAY.

ROYAL, 8.30.

CHEMICAL, 8.—1. "On the Amount of Carbonic Acid in Sea Air," by Mr. Thos. E. Thorpe.—Synthetical Researches on Ethers," Part II., by Professor Frankland and Mr. Duppa.—"Laboratory Contributions," by Professor Wanklyn.

LINNEAN, 8.—1. "On *Distonia clavatum* from the Sword-fish," by Dr. Cobbold.—2. "On Experiments with *Trichina spiralis*," by Dr. Cobbold.

ART.

WILLIAM HOGARTH.

William Hogarth: Painter, Engraver, and Philosopher. Essays on the Man, the Work, and the Time. By George Augustus Sala. With Illustrations. Small 8vo. Pp. 318. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

IN spite of William Hogarth's many biographers, his true relationship to English art has only been fully recognised in our own time. "He was," says Mr. Sala, "too vigorous, downright, virile, for Horace Walpole;" and although that "cleverest and most refined of dilettanti" condescended to admire Hogarth, he "did not quite understand him." The author of "Anecdotes of Painting," however, was to the English people, in matters of art, an authority against which there was no appeal, and such admiration as he meted out to Hogarth sufficed them for at least two generations. But a fuller information, a keener eye, a healthier and more fearless criticism characterised the succeeding period; and at this time of day we have no manner of hesitancy in awarding Hogarth his due. As a moralist in the widest sense, ranging from cutting irony on the one side to glorious, all-embracing humour on the other, we rank him among the highest; as a painter, supremely independent and inventive, we hail him father of English art.

A more delightful subject for the biographer

could scarcely be suggested; an ampler field, or one riper for harvest, the art historian might look for in vain. George Augustus Sala felt this when he addressed himself to his labour of love, and thought that "to do for the great painter of manners that which Mr. Foster has done for their great describer, would be a captivating task; and that, successfully accomplished, it might entitle a man to wear some little sprig of laurel in his cap, and rest, thenceforth, on his oars." He deprecates, however, the idea of writing such a book, although we do not know why. Regularly initiated himself in all the mysteries of the graver and etching needle; endowed with a wonderful sympathy for art, and with as wonderful a faculty for giving such sympathy fitting expression; being himself, moreover, a "fellow of infinite jest," and with a Hogarthian turn of mind for the grotesque and the humorous unsurpassed, in our opinion, by any living writer, George Augustus Sala was, of all men, the most competent to write fully and freely the biography of William Hogarth. Instead of this, he limits his performance to "a series of essays." An essay, in the ordinary sense, lasts but a generation; a cross section of history, such as the *Life and Times* of William Hogarth, ought to outlast several.

But Mr. Sala's limitation after all is neither so modest nor precise as it at first appears; for these Essays are "upon the genius and character of the Man Hogarth; upon the Work he was permitted, by a healthful, sanguine constitution, and by great powers of will and self-reliance backboning an unflagging industry, to get through in his appointed span here below; and upon the curious, quaint Time in which he lived and did his work." With the necessary connecting narrative, "Essays on the Man, the Work, and the Time," ought to exhaust everything about a hero a student cares to know.

And to what extent and in what manner has Mr. Sala fulfilled his promise? It is no use his asking us to consider his essays but as "*Memoires pour servir*." The research which is apparent on almost every page, the will and purpose with which he goes through his self-imposed task, forbid this. So far as in Mr. Sala lay he has given us a veritable biography as instructive and as charming to read as anything his pen has yet inscribed. The extent of his doings is perfectly satisfactory, and to his manner alone do some people take exception. The character of "the Man Hogarth," we think he has perfectly grasped; the nature and influence of that man's Work he has most faithfully appraised; and the "curious quaint Time in which he lived" he has made pass before us in its very form and body.

Unfortunately, when Mr. Sala commenced this history, he had two terrible things to fight against; and these were, first, his own well-earned reputation for wit; and secondly, a certain fatal facility in writing which, in the eyes of the merely academic critic, is a sin most damnable. It is these opposing difficulties which have made him appear on the one hand sometimes forced and even puerile, and, on the other, loose and discursive. Considering how frequently he quotes, Mr. Sala is wonderfully correct. We know no writer who roams over so many languages; and over so many names of men, books, places, and customs with so firm a step, and says the pat thing here, and drops the appropriate phrase there, with a nicety almost scholastic. His memory, as Dominic Sampson would say, must be "prodigious." In the matter of dates his own natural impetuosity does not always admit of his being altogether reliable. William the Dutchman, for instance, did not die in 1703, but in 1702. The *Saturday Review* says in "*May, 1702*." The reviewer was farther out in the month than the biographer was in the year. According to the ordinary authorities, King William III. died on the eighth of March, 1702.

When all is said that possibly can be said against the style of our author, "his labour of sixty-seven happy nights, when the fruits of long years' study of Hogarth and his time were put to paper," remains a delight and

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a satisfaction to the reader, an honour and graceful monument to the writer.

What we are mainly wroth with Mr. Sala for is his lax method rather than his discursive style. The latter is a delightful quality in a master, and doubly so when there's method in't. Again, so sound a judge as Mr. Sala ought to have gone more minutely into the various states of Hogarth's engravings, and shown in every instance the characteristic marks by which they might be known. Plates which were worked till the subject was almost undecipherable, and which, in many instances, had to be re-engraved from early impressions were surely worth a more detailed history. Like technicalities about his painting would have been also very welcome. But, above all, in a volume so full of delightful anecdote, so pregnant with notable men and things of every kind and degree, why is there not an index? "An opportunity will be afforded" Mr. Sala, "at no distant date," when the book goes into a second edition, "of correcting his blunders," to use his own phrase; and it is because he has done so well that we wish him to give not only his name but a little of his thought and work to that second edition. We are satisfied he will find his account in the result. For what he has done we tender him our best thanks.

THE ART-JOURNAL.

This will be a memorable year in the history of the "Art Journal." Its editor promises a "series of engravings from the most interesting and suggestive objects exhibited by the leading manufacturers of Europe" at the great French international gathering; and we know by the experience of former years how religiously that promise will be kept. The illustrated catalogue will be dedicated, by permission, to the Emperor of the French; and we are satisfied it will prove an art record of high importance. The present number has, as usual, three full-page engravings of the highest quality. These are Leslie's famous "Florizel and Perdita," by that accomplished artist L. Stocks; John Phillip's "Signal"—a lovely Spanish lady watching for some one from a balcony—engraved by J. Franck; and a very charming alto-relievo by Mr. J. Edwards, who deserves to be better known, representing "The Spirit of Love and Truth." Mr. R. A. Artlett has rendered this very cleverly. The Rev. E. L. Cutts commences a new series of papers entitled "Knights of the Middle Ages," which promises to be very interesting; and Professor D. T. Ansted an almost equally important one on "Sculptors' Quarries." Mr. James Dafforne, in continuation of his "Modern Painters of Belgium," treats us to a memoir of "Guillaume Koller," and Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall give us a very pleasant "Memory of the Rev. Sydney Smith." We are very sure, too, those memories which Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall promise their readers will be in every way "acceptable."

MISCELLANEA.

PROFESSOR E. D. COPE exhibited recently at the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia, the remains of a gigantic extinct Dinosaur from the Cretaceous Green Sand of New-Jersey. The bones were portions of the under jaw, with teeth, portions of the scapular arch, including supposed clavicles, two humeri, left femur, right tibia and fibula, with numerous phalanges, lumbar, sacral and caudal vertebrae, and numerous other elements in a fragmentary condition. In size this creature equaled the Megalosaurus (70 feet in length), and must have been one of the most formidable of the repacious terrestrial vertebrates. The remains were found by the workmen under J. C. Voorhees, Superintendent of the West Jersey Marl Company, about two miles south of Barnesboro', just under the stratum of green sand (now used as a manure), and about 20 feet from the surface.

MOUNT HOOD, the highest of the Cascade Range, situate about 70 miles east of Oregon City, was visited in August last, by a party of six gentlemen, who ascended to the summit. One of them, Professor Alphonso Wood, has given a detailed account of the trip before the California

Academy of Natural Sciences. He measured various altitudes, by observing the boiling point of water, as follows:—Summit of the Cascade Range and foot of Mount Hood proper, 4,400 feet; the limit of forest trees, 9,000 feet; highest limit of vegetation, 11,000 feet; summit of mountain, 17,600. He describes a crater of great extent, the west side of which is still an open abyss, whence issue constantly volumes of sulphurous smoke. He estimates the depression of the ancient crater at not less than 1,000 feet. The summit area is a crescent in shape, half a mile in length and from 3 to 50 feet wide. It is a fearful place; on the north side is a precipice; a verticle mile of bare columnar rock! He states that this is the highest measured point in the United States, if not in North America. He found true glaciers on the flanks, with terminal and lateral moraines.

YOUNG men who have a taste for science have the same difficulty in France as elsewhere in finding an opening. M. Frémy has presented a pamphlet on the subject to the French Academy. "The young man," says he, "who is led by his tastes in the direction of science, almost always encounters, in the beginning, difficulties of every nature. His advancement is the slowest possible. Many scientific men of real ability have remained up to fifty years of age in the humble position of preparatory teacher; and the useful interference of the Society of Friends of Science often shows that the author of great discoveries dies leaving his family in deep poverty. I ask for the creation of *sixty places* to give away to persons who have cultivated with most success the mathematics, and the physical and natural sciences. Those who get the appointments will have to advance science by their labours. There will be three classes: those of the third to have £80 per annum; of the second, £160; of the first, £240." We hope M. Frémy may get his plan adopted.

THE Christy Collection has been temporarily placed, by order of the trustees of the British Museum, in the apartments formerly occupied by Mr. Christy, at 103 Victoria Street, Westminster. This collection consists of the principal portion of the extensive collections of an Archaeological and Ethnological character bequeathed by the late Henry Christy, Esq., F.S.A., F.G.S. The Christy collection is especially rich in the remains of the earlier and pre-historic races of Europe; such as those found in the Drift, the French caves, and on the surface of most countries of Europe. There is likewise a valuable collection of Mexican Antiquities, and large collections illustrating the Ethnology of existing races, especially those in the least advanced states of civilisation. The collection can be visited every Friday, from 10 to 4 o'clock, by ordinary tickets, which can be obtained by application in the Hall at the British Museum.

A PARLIAMENTARY return of the number of registered newspapers in the United Kingdom, and of the number of stamps issued by the respective Inland Revenue offices in each of the quarters from the 30th of September, 1864, to the 30th of June, 1866, shows that the number of stamps issued to the principal London morning newspapers during the year ending the 30th of June, 1866, was as follows:—*The Times*, 2,506,033—viz., 483,284 at 1d.; 1,863,801 at 1½d.; and 158,948 at 2d.; *Standard*, 310,748; *Morning Post*, 230,000; *Daily News*, 114,873; *Morning Herald*, 81,054; and *Morning Advertiser*, 65,500. No stamps appear to have been issued to the *Daily Telegraph* or *Morning Star*. The number of stamps issued to the London evening papers during the same period was as follows:—*Evening Standard*, 773,088; *Record* (published three times a week), 412,500; *Evening Mail* (published three times a week), 255,000; *Shipping Gazette*, 254,000; *Express*, 195,035; *Globe*, 100,000; *Evening Star*, 100,000. No stamps appear to have been issued to the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The number of stamps issued to the principal London weekly papers during the same period was as follows:—*Illustrated London News*, 879,334; *London Gazette* (published twice a week) 870,000; *Field*, 258,000; *Bell's Weekly Messenger*, 245,470; *Guardian*, 239,526; *Mark Lane Express*, 234,000; *Railway News and Stock Journal*, 221,000; *News of the World*, 208,600; *Magnet*, 197,000; *Saturday Review*, 195,000; *Travellers' Circular*, 180,325; *Gardeners' Chronicle*, 159,000; *Bell's Life in London*, 158,000; *British Medical Journal*, 114,400; *Weekly Times*, 111,600; *Law Times*, 109,000; *Punch*, 101,500; *Athenæum*, 84,000; *Lancet*, 81,575; *Mining Journal*, 76,879; *Ecclesiastical Gazette* (published monthly), 155,350; and *Homeward Mail*, 70,000. The number of stamps issued to some of the principal provincial daily and weekly papers in England during the year ending the 30th of June, 1866, was as follows:—*Sussex Express and Surrey Standard*, 326,000; *Stamford Mercury*, 323,137; *Midland Counties Herald*, 246,000; *Leeds Mer-*

cury, 152,000; *South Eastern Gazette and Surrey News*, 130,000; *Hereford Times*, 116,000; *Staffordshire Advertiser*, 111,000; *York Herald*, 108,500; *Liverpool Mercury*, 106,000; *Oxford Journal*, 104,500; *Norfolk News*, 104,500; *Carlisle Journal*, 95,000; *Shrewsbury Chronicle*, 94,000; *Salisbury and Winchester Journal*, 90,000; *Norwich Mercury*, 90,000; *Exeter and Plymouth Gazette*, 84,000; *Ipswich Journal*, 77,675; *Manchester Guardian*, 76,000; *Saturday Bristol Times and Mirror*, 75,500. In Edinburgh, 831,000 stamps were issued during the year ending the 30th of June, 1866, to the *North British Advertiser*; 308,850 to the *Scotsman*; and 260,500 (including 1,000 halfpenny stamps for supplements) to the *Edinburgh Evening Courant*. In Dublin, 848,600 stamps were issued during the same period to the *General Advertiser*; 438,000 to the *Daily Express*; and 389,000 to the *Evening Mail and Packet*. There were 1,732 registered newspapers in the United Kingdom, viz.:—1,372 in England, 55 in Wales, 144 in Scotland, and 161 in Ireland.

Mr. W. L. SHOEMAKER sends this to the *Round Table*:—

TO AUTUMN WINDS.

O melancholy prophets of decay,
And beauty's fall!

Bleak Autumn winds! once more ye rise and play
Your gusty trumps along the forest-way,
Which dead leaves pall.

Lo! when ye come, the skies are robed in gray
And gloomy clouds;

Vapors enwrap the white brow of the day:
And fair flowers glide, as 'mid their haunts ye stray,
Into their shrouds.

All nature shudders when your tones are heard;
And when ye near

The chilly streams, their waves are wildly stirred,
Dreaming of icy chains, and scarce a bird
Will sing for fear.

Ye are stern heralds; and ye loudly tell
Of Winter drear,

And Summer's death, of which ye are the knell;
Reminding us that we soon fade as well,
And disappear.

A good story is told by the Bishop of St. David's, in his recent "Address on the Present State of Relations between Science and Literature" of the classic mania during the French Revolution. After the fall of the Girondist party, its opponents thought it expedient to follow up their victory by the fabrication of a new Paper Constitution. Very little time was allowed to the legislators for this work; and that it might nevertheless be as perfect as possible, the leading member of the legislative commission, Herault de Séchelles, addressed a letter to a literary friend, which he translates from a work containing a facsimile of the original:—"My dear fellow-citizen, having been entrusted, in concert with my four colleagues, to prepare a draft of a Constitution for next Monday, I beg you in their name and my own, immediately to procure for us the Laws of Minos, which should be found in a collection of Greek Laws. We have urgent need of it."

THE *Times* of last Tuesday gives this account of the old parish church of Croydon, which was destroyed by fire on Saturday night. Besides its great antiquity, it had peculiar historical associations, as containing monuments of not less than six, if not more, of the Archbishops of Canterbury, some of whom were among the most famous for different reasons, and the memorials themselves were greatly cherished and respected as works of art of the highest order. Hard by, what was once a palace occupied by high ecclesiastical dignitaries from time to time is still extant, and the church itself was the burial place of some of them, and not only of them, but of other personages of note. In a vault in one of the side aisles, for instance, were interred the remains of Mr. John Singleton Copley, himself famous as a painter and a Royal Academician, and as being also the father of a man greatly distinguished in another walk of life in our own day—the late Lord Lyndhurst. A plain slab in the floor of the church was engraven with a modest inscription, recording the name of the deceased, his rank as an artist, and his death in 1816, and part of that survives the ravages of the fire. There were many mural monuments of eminent persons, some of them finely executed, and a few of which still remain, though more or less mutilated by the action of the fire. The greater part of the fabric was erected in the beginning of the 15th century, but there are in and about it remains of work of an earlier date than that. It consisted of a massive square tower and belfry, with a nave, two aisles, and chancel; and a clock, with chimes, had proclaimed the flight of time for generations to the whole neighbourhood. The architecture was in the perpendicular style of the 15th century. About seven years ago the whole interior of the church was refitted with oak, finely carved, under the

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supervision of Mr. George Gilbert Scott, the eminent architect. The fire broke out in a part of the tower communicating with the roof, and is supposed to have been caused by the overheating of a flue used in warming the fabric. The roof of the side aisles was of old oak, as dry as tinder, and that of the nave of pitch pine, varnished, and when once materials so inflammable caught fire they burnt with inconceivable rapidity, fanned as the flames were by a strong wind. The fire was discovered about half-past 10 on Saturday evening, and burnt, with more or less fury during the whole succeeding night. On the fall of the roof in blazing masses the fire was communicated to the interior woodwork, and eventually the destruction was complete. Of the fabric itself nothing now remains, except the tower, which, however, has been completely gutted, and the outside walls, some of which are in so dangerous a state that they may topple over at any moment. Through the energy mainly of Mr. Whittaker, the parish clerk, the registers, dating from 1538, down to the present time, were saved, with the Communion plate and an ancient lectern, much prized. But, unfortunately, the organ, built by Avery in 1794, with subsequent improvements by Messrs. Hill, and one of the finest instruments of the kind has been completely destroyed. It was blown by hydraulic pressure. Connected with it was a very valuable library of music belonging to Mr. Rhodes, the organist, and containing many choice works of the old masters, all of which have been consumed. Mr. Rhodes, who was not insured, estimates his loss in this respect at about 150*l*. The chancel, or rather the chantries, contained monuments of no less than six archbishops, all more or less magnificent—namely, of Archbishop Grindall, who died in 1583; Archbishop Whitgift, who died 1603; Archbishop Sheldon, 1677; Archbishop Wake, 1736; Archbishop Potter, 1747; and Archbishop Herring, 1774. The figures were mostly recumbent and executed in marble and partly in alabaster—the monument of Archbishop Sheldon in particular which has been sadly defaced by the fire, being an elaborate piece of workmanship. The whole of the fine peal of bells, except one, has been destroyed, and the hands of the clock in the belfry pointing to a quarter to 12 show the precise time when its mechanism was arrested by the conflagration. Mr. George Gilbert Scott, the architect, is understood to have expressed an opinion that the tower, which was erected in the time of Archbishop Chicheley, towards the end of the 14th or early in the 15th century, is capable of being restored, all or most of the exterior walls having been preserved.

An article which appeared lately in the *Fortnightly Review* on "Russian Society" was suppressed by the St. Petersburg censor.

THE Early English Text Society has opened a separate Reprinting Fund at Messrs. Trübners for the reprinting of its texts of 1864 and 1865, which are nearly all out of print. Of the 500 copies of texts for 1866, about 20 only remain in hand, so that intending subscribers should join the society at once to secure them. The last two of the *eleven* texts given for the guinea of 1866 will be issued within a fortnight. One, the hitherto unedited verse "Romance of Parknay, or Lusignen," from the unique MS. in Trinity College Library, Cambridge, is ready. The Introduction to the other, "The Aeyenbite of Inwyt, or Remorse of Conscience," in the Kentish dialect of 1340, A.D., is now in the press. The work is edited by Mr. Richard Morris, and the introduction will contain a full discussion of the peculiarities of the Southern dialect.

WHY are the co-operative stores and societies so stingy in the support of the paper so essential to their success? *The Co-operator* is only a penny a fortnight, and yet the stores let it languish, and have let its spirited and able editor, Mr. Pitman, spend on the co-operative cause £700 more than his receipts, because they will not order a copy for every member and supply it to him with his goods. This is a disgrace to the societies, and we hope soon to hear of its removal. To all who, with John Stuart Mill, believe in co-operation as the solvent of trade difficulties between master and man, the lever to raise the wage-receiving class at one dead lift into the proprietary class, we recommend the support of *The Co-operator* as a duty; a pleasure its record of co-operative news must be to all who like to see working-men helping themselves.

THE Book of Martyrs of King Alfred has been discovered. So at least says Mr. Cockayne in the forthcoming number of the "Sheine," and he prints the commencement of it; the year begins at the Nativity, and Old Mass Books, New Mass Books, Sacramentaries, and Ritualistic matters are spoken of in it. He promises the evidence for its high antiquity at a future day, and, in the mean time, gives six entries, including St. Anastasia and St. Eugenia, both commemorated on Christmas Day

in olden times. We must reserve our judgment till we hear more, for the existence of such a book has never yet been suspected by any scholar in the oldest English.

ANY benevolent gentleman who, while endeavouring to fulfil his duty to his own children, or to somebody else's children, by taking them to a pantomime, is yet desirous of escaping boredom for himself, can hardly do better than select Covent Garden Theatre as the scene of his benevolence. The Christmas production, "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves, or Harlequin and the Genii of the Arabian Nights," is not only full of the enchantment which the title will suggest to the imagination of his young companions, but will present to his own more critical and calmer taste a succession of very charming pictures; so charming indeed that one can only regret their want of permanence. And the excellent scenery of Messrs. T. Grieve and Matt. Morgan is not the sole attraction; the skill of Mr. Augustus Harris in grouping masses on the stage, and in raising generally scenic arrangement to the rank of art, having many opportunities for its display; especially, perhaps, in the "Club Cavern of the Forty Thieves," where "the grand Bacchanal of Almées and Bayadères" is rendered with a grace, which makes it pleasing even to those who regard the usual operation of "the ladies of the *Corps de ballet*" as incitements to yawning of the most comprehensive character. Of the actors what can be said but that Miss Kate Carson as *Abdallah* looked very pretty and played with the *abandon* and sauciness specially appropriate to the female heroes of burlesque. That Miss Rachael Sanger as *Hassarac*, one of the thieves, was equally pretty, equally saucy, and equally perfect in cigar-smoking; and that Miss Ada Harland, though condemned by a harsh fate to retain the garments of her sex, made so charming a *Morgiana* as to render quite intelligible the extremity of passion endured by Mr. Fred. Payne, even when it went the length of manifesting itself in a comic serenade. The pantomimic skill of this gentleman and his father is too well known to need more than a passing reference, the most perfect and too, the most approving verdict on their performance being found in the appreciative laughter of its young spectators.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* has been the victim of a most ingenious hoax. A preliminary number of the *Imperial Review*, the new Conservative organ was left at the editor's office, containing the details of some extraordinary Acts of Parliament which the new "organ" humbly recommended. Nothing doubting, these were duly copied, and marvellously commented upon. The *Standard* rejoices over the mishap, and the *Pall Mall* querulously says, how should we know any better? How indeed, except that editors are supposed to keep their eyes open. The same number also contains an excellent account of Alexander Smith, the author of "City Poems" who died last Friday week at the early age of thirty-six. It is evidently by one who knew him well. Mr. Smith was one of those whose delicate temperament, rather than any divine afflatus, was the cause of his bursting into poetry. He gained a name, and then subsided into prose. His first performance was spasmodic, his second sound and strong. "Elwin and Deira" was probably his best. As secretary of the University of Edinburgh, he was able to indulge in that society which, probably, he liked better than anything else. Whether he would ever have accomplished much worthy of his early fame it is now too late to conjecture.

THE *Almanach de Gotha* for 1867 has imbibed the spirit of the age, and chronicled the events of the past with more than ordinary submission. In the new issue the King of Hanover is only a member of the Royal family of Great Britain, King Otho is no more than uncle of the King of Bavaria, and the King of the Two Sicilies is lost among the ruck of Bourbons. The numerous changes of the last few years have forced upon the celebrated *Almanac* the alternative of being a legend of the past or a record of actual facts. There is a picture of a republican chief—the Dictator of Peru—in the new volume, and although he is no doubt made as ill-favoured as possible, still that does not lessen the significance of such an admission into the sacred circle. In the present issue we find due acknowledgments are paid to the Emperor of China (Ki-tsiang, signifying "supreme happiness"), the Micador (whose personal name, we are assured, is known only to the Imperial princes) and the Taicoon (Mina Motto the First) of Japan, the Shah of Persia (Nasser-ed-Din), the Dowager Queen Emma (*née* Miss Rooke) of Hawaii, &c. The editor of the *Almanach* thus calls in the *New World* to redress the balance of the Old, importing dusky monarchs as the number of white ones is being gradually reduced.

NEW WORKS.

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